THE

A

SCOTCH PORTMANTEAU

OPENED AT

Y O R K.

Spectatum admiſſi Riſum teneatis Amici?

HOR.

"Who can but laugh on viewing the Contents."

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THE

Editor's Advertiſement

TO THE

READER.

MY Correſpondent at *York* having laid me under no Manner of Injunction; at the repeated Inſtance of ſeveral Friends, I now preſent his Letter to the Public: To which, if it ſhall prove equally entertaining, as it hath to me and Aſſociates, the primary and wiſhed-for End will be obtained.

The ſecondary, which relates to myſelf alone, is, by a properly choſen

Patron, and a politically adapted Dedication, to procure to myſelf a powerful Protection; that I may come in for Snacks in the preſent Diſtribution of Favours. Wherefore, profiting of the Hint thrown out by that wiſe Clergyman, who choſe for Text to his Sermon,—— "Preferment cometh not from the *Eaſt*; nor from the *Weſt*; nor from the *South*: I look towards that Quarter whence my Letter came;

THE NORTH!!!

TO

TO THE

PERSONAGE

OF MOST

INFLUENCE.

Influential SIR,

THAT moſt eminent of Titles by which I greet you, is a ſufficient Apology for my Inſignificance to aſpire after a creative and foſtering Incubation under the

out-ſtretched Wings of thy moſt extraordinary Patronage.

Envy muſt own, that as yet, there never hath appeared ſuch a Protector. The ſo often mentioned *Mecænas* of old *Rome*, and the modern *Colbert* of *France*, as well as an hundred other (whom I might quote, but reſpectfully avoid it, in order to neither tire your Patience, nor bring you into ſtrange Company) adopted Notions quite different from Your's. They, forſooth, imagined that their reſpective Monarch's Glory could never be ſo permanently elevated, as on the maſterly-finiſhed Monuments of undoubted Merit.

Mecænas, moreover, was not only the Encourager, but the intimate Friend of ANTONIUS MUSA, a regularly educated Phyſician, univerſally learned, remarkably ingenious, and honoured as one of the moſt accompliſhed Men of the politeſt Court. His ſuperiour Qualification acquired

to

to him the Eſteem of two of the foremoſt Genii this World hath been favoured with; VIRGIL and HORACE!

According to the ſtale Senſe of certain diſſatisfied Grumblers, none but Men of ſuch towering Pretenſions as thoſe of ANTONIUS MUSA, ought to be recommended to, or preſſed upon a young AUGUSTUS. But, alas, how ſhallow is their Judgment; and, at the ſame Time, how admirable as unparalelled is your Manner of Proceeding; which diſplayeth ſuch an Exceſs of Goodneſs, by ſo beneficently permitting to emane from you, as well as by encircling with the *Gloriolæ* of your irradiating Smiles, ſuch Exiſtences, as no diſtinguiſhed Man of *England* would ever think on: nay, could even dream of.—— But *Engliſhmen*, you know are odd Fellows.

What, in the Grandees of other Nations befriending the Arts and Sciences, is called Patronage, a Word

of heathen Deſcent, in you, Sir, is melted down and tranſmuted into Charity; which Chriſtian Virtue, we are taught, covers a Multitude of Sins.

No Hill ſo barren, or wildly overrun; no crawling Inſect, or Reptile beneath the undermoſt *Strata* of *Parnaſſus*, thence doomed to never emerge and view its glorious Summit, have eſcaped the Eagle-Ken of thy pervaſive and diſcriminating Eye.

The Objects of thy Benevolence may, with the ſincereſt, nay, with rapturous Gratitude, raiſe their Voices to thus proclaim aloud, "From the Profounds (in every Senſe) of our Demerit and Obſcurity, we have cried unto thee, O Lord, and thou haſt heard our Voices."

The Southern People's Diſſatisfaction, in general, ariſeth from their not knowing the genuine Motive of your acting thus. Which, when fairly ſtated, muſt, to all unprejudiced Minds, appear both humane and conſiderate.

ſiderate. Now this I take to be your actuating Principle.

You think, and rightly, that *real Merit* ought, by its innate Energy, to produce, raiſe, and ſupport itſelf; but that thoſe who are devoid of any Claims thereto, ſtand in the greateſt Need of being powerfully upheld.--- It is in this generous Senſe, that your Choice is unexceptionable, and well worthy of Animadverſion.

Some Snarlers think it very hard (which by the bye is no Affair of mine) that the attendant, the anniverſary, the very loyal, and perennially flowing Bard, commonly ſtyled Secretary to the diſcreet Monarch of the Ocean, to the ſilent King of the Fiſhes, hath as yet been neglected.

But their raſh Petulance forgets the old Saying, "*Rome* was not built in a Day."

For my Part, I ſtrenuouſly hope, that this veteran Courtly Lyriſt, the Secretary, and myſelf, ſhall have our

Turn

Turn on Fortune's Wheel: He for the ſmoothly Ambling of Verſe; and I for hard-trotting Proſe.——You need but to will it, Sir, and from the very Inſtant of your Aſſent, I am virtually dubbed and enrolled among the Sons of Fame; yea, what is much more valuable in theſe degenerate Days, raiſed to a Co-heir of *Plutus!* For, to make an apt Application to you of the Dial's Addreſs to the Sun;

Aſpice, ut aſpiciar.

"Look thou on me, that I be looked on."

However, ſhould this critical Queſtion be put; what are your Pretenſions to Preferment? My Anſwer is; Firſt, *intrinſic Mediocrity*:—of itſelf inſufficient to ſupport and carry one with Decency through Life, without the friendly Countenance of the great Man. Secondly, The modern Author-craft of buoying up one's natural

tural Propenſity to ſink, on a Publication of other Mens meritorious Works, as I now do to mine on that of my Friend's annexed Letter.

What Place would you chuſe?——What Place would I chuſe? So direct, ſo home a Queſtion, by cogently drawing on my Modeſty, alarms her delicate Senſations, and induceth her, bluſhing and for Decorum Sake, to reply in a round-about Manner; and quite ſimilar to that practiſed by a famous new-fangled Preacher: who, in order to ſpread-out and protract his Diſcourſe, ſays, familiarly to his gaping Auditors:---- *I'll tell you a Story.*

Charles the Ninth, King of *France*, (young for ſo important a Charge) had, from the natural Dictates of a happy Diſpoſition, reſolved to encourage the polite Arts, and particularly Poetry. A Proof of his ſuperiour Reliſh for the latter appears by the celebrated Verſes he addreſſed to his favourite Bard.

L'Art

L'Art de faire des Vers [dût ou s'en indigner]
Doit être à plus haut Prix que celui de regner.
Ta Lyre, qui ravit par de ſi doux Accords,
Te ſoumet les Eſprits, dont je n'ay que les Corps.
Elle t'en rend Maitre, et te ſçait introduire
Ou le plus fier Tyran ne peut avoir d'Empire.

IMITATED.

"The Poet's Art [let who will take Offence]
" Ev'n before Thrones deſerves a Preference.
" Thy Lyre ſubdues with abſolute Controul!
" I rule o'er Bodies; you command the Soul.
" Thy tuneful Numbers draw each willing Heart.
" There Tyranny muſt never hope a Part."

If the refined Delicacy of your Taſte ſhould be diſſatisfied with this humble Attempt at a Tranſlation; pray get the royal Poet's Verſes more elegantly *engliſhed* by ſome of your new-raiſed literary Satellites. I am reſigned; and ſhall neither utter a Complaint, nor enter a Demurrer againſt it. But, as is fitting, let me now quit myſelf and return to the Story *.

Charles

* Anecdotes ſecretes de la Cour de *Charles* IX. par le Marquis *de Caubec*.

Charles the Ninth's pacific Views were thwarted, and *France* plunged into Confuſion by the interfering of his Mother, *Catherine de Medicis*; prompted thereto by that needy Court-Sycophant, *le Viſcomte de la Baſiolerie, Puis-Seigneur de l'Heritage*, a Native of *Navarre*: which Diſtrict, contiguous to an Extremity of *France*, is chiefly remarkable for its boaſted Antiquity as a Kingdom; unalluring Barrenneſs of Soil: and unſufferable Pride of an indigent Nobility.

The aſpiring *De la Baſiolerie*, to ingratiate himſelf more and more with the young Monarch, gave into and abetted his Inclination of encouraging the Arts and Sciences. He further took upon him to recommend (as he thought) proper Objects for the royal Favour. But his injudicious Choice ſoon rendered him the Butte of public Ridicule. Whereupon, one *Carnac*, an impudent Fellow, and not fraught with more Deſerving than your hum-

ble

ble Servant, applied for Promotion as a Man of Genius.

Carnac, being aſked by the *Pſeudo-Mecœnas*, what Place he would chuſe; replied: "That of *Aſs-Driver general* to his Majeſty."—Becauſe, he concluded, it muſt ſoon become a Poſt of extenſive Importance; the Number about Court encreaſing daily, thro' his (*De la Baſiolerie*'s) Influence.

Carnac made a Kind of bribing Promiſe to the Place-diſpenſing Viſcount; that if he ſhould prove ſo fortunate as to obtain his Deſire, the literary Protector might in Rotation rely upon a Caſt of his friendly Office, and with a zealous Predilection.

A bad Choice of Objects to be patronized, hangeth up ſo many Beacons of Infamy, to make glaringly conſpicuous the blind, or partial Chuſer's Want of Judgment. They in Return can render no other Service in the Hour of Difficulty, than by an unuſual Effort of Gratitude, to ſhrink from

from, diſappear, and employ all Means of vindicating a fallen Favourite from the Diſgrace of ever having patronized, or even known ſuch Unworthies. On the contrary, Men choſen purely for true Merit, are ſhining Ornaments to their elevated Friend, while in Power; his ſanguine Refuge, and ſteady Aſſertors, when fallen under the Sovereign's Diſpleaſure.

De la Baſiolerie, finding he had miſſed the Point aimed at, by wrongly meddling with the *Literati*, deviated into a political Blunderer, and Diſturber of the State. For, jointly with the Dowager of *France*, he, not only warped, but poiſoned the young King's Mind againſt his moſt loyal Proteſtant Subjects: Fatal Prologue to the Calamities that enſued.

A Favourite is a Canker to which abſolute Monarchies, like *France*, are liable; but can never thrive in *England*. The Climate has hitherto proved

ed an Antidote againſt the ſeveral-attempted Ingraftments of ſuch Infection; as her Annals declare. That it may to the End of Time continue ſo, all good Men, all Lovers of their Country ought to pray, as doth moſt fervently,

Influential Sir,

Your Petitioner,

Client, and

Dedicator,

****

A LET-

A

LETTER, &c.

SIR,

SINCE a late intereſting Event, we have been all Gaze, all Wonder, all Aſtoniſhment in this Part of the World, at the extraordinary Tranſmigration of Itinerants from a neighbouring Kingdom; who rapidly ſhape their Courſe to the Metropolis of

 England,

England; which, as they ſay, "In gud Troth is a fair City, and well worthy of a Ve-ſet."

All Stage-Coaches, Poſt-Chaiſes, nay, ſome with four Horſes, are full of *Trans-Tweedians*; who cry out againſt the ſwifteſt Cattle our Poſt-Maſters can provide for them, as ſluggiſh Jades, and not endowed with a Fleetneſs able to keep up with the Rapidity of their Expectations: Our northern Road upward ſmokes with them; downward, ſcarce any appear.

Some great Alteration muſt have happened in the South; for Times have been when we have ſeen as good Gentlemen as theſe new *Pacolets*, modeſtly travel, ſome in Waggons, ſome on Foot; while the more Œconomical proceeded by Sea in their Country Colliers.

But

But they were ſober, well-behaved, quiet People. They took up with whatever the Inns could afford them for their Money; and rather than quarrel would gladly ſit down to cold Meat and Malt Liquor.

They did not din, huff, damn, curſe or ſwear, as is now the Cuſtom, for Boiled and Roaſt to be ready to a Minute. They did not abuſe the modeſt Landlord if he humbly recommended to their Honours his beſt Malt Liquor; which he obſerved had heretofore been very much liked by, and the favourite Beverage of their Countrymen.

To which civil Propoſal the immediate and ſurly Anſwer now is, "Do not you knaw, Friend, to ken a Difference be-

tween Folks, and Perſons, Vaſſals and their Lairds and Maſters. The Deel reeve the Wemb here will drink any of your vile Malt Stuff: Let us ha then the beſt Wine in your Cellar Mon; for we ha got Siller to pay for it."

Wine is accordingly ſerved, and what proves ſtill more amazing, they pull out long Purſes (pretty uſual on their Return Home) and with good Stirling diſcharge their Bills.

Such ſtrange Proceedings made all the ſenſible and conjectural Knobs of this wiſe City to aſſemble, that they might divine what could be aſſigned as the moſt probable Cauſe of ſuch extraordinary Movements from the North.

Many

Many Reaſons were offered; but did not at all appear ſatisfactory; till the learned Member of our Club, a poor Curate and great Adept in natural Philoſophy, ſtarted up, as if inſpired on a ſudden; by which Motion he broke his Pipe, "Rot it, (quoth he, throwing the other Part into the Fire, then ſhrugged his Shoulders ſignificantly, and looked as it were, Conviction in all our Faces) I have it, Gentlemen; here it is." There has moſt certainly happened an Earthquake in *London*; of which the *Scotch* Favourites have got early Intelligence. They have in Conſequence made a quick Diſpoſal of their native Eſtates, *&c.* are now hurrying up to that deſolated City, to take Poſſeſſion of all the valuable Buildings, *&c.* that may be left ſtanding, before the *Iriſh*, who are

ſeparated by the Sea, and liable to contrary Winds, can poſſibly run thither to have a Share in the Diſaſter."

The Exciſeman (our other Oracle) was ſtruck with what he heard; took his Pipe out of his Mouth, and declared, "it had a plauſible Face, a ſtrong Complexion of Truth." To which the good Company nodded their Approbation, and ſucceſſively drank the Curate's Health; who, whatever ſilent Joy might glow in and dilate his Boſom, received the Company's Homage with becoming Gravity, and Self-collection; anſwering each Perſon's Civility with a ſhort Bow, and a meaſured Smile.

This Notion prevailed among us, until we were laughed out of it by ſome Friends, juſt returned from *London*; who

who whiſpered ſtrange Things in our Ears, which I do not chuſe to repeat. Theſe Whiſpers have however this Effect upon us; that the People, whom we uſed to make a Jeſt and a Mock of before, we now bow to, and behave in a moſt civil, nay, reſpectful Manner.

I ſhall never forget what I heard laſt *Thurſday* Evening, which was this very Day Se'ennight, at the great Inn which I uſe here. About Duſk, all foaming and covered with Smoak, a Set of Horſes running with a Landau, as if the Day of Judgment gallopped after it, were driven in there.

No Body needed to aſk from what Part it came: Every Carriage going at a violent or expeditious Rate upwards, is immediately pronounced to have run

and ſpeeded it away from tranſmigrating *Caledonia*.

My Curioſity prompted me to have an Overhearing of what the *Landau*'s Company ſhould diſcourſe upon during Supper. I made Uſe of (that ſeldom-failing Argument to his Betters) a Bribe to the Waiter who was appointed to attend them. He, after ſome Heſitation, becoming Scruples, and a Promiſe on my Side of inviolable Secrecy, (but on his not forgetting the ſtipulated Premium) conſented to my Requeſt; and placed me in a Cloſet adjoining to the Room wherein they ſupped.

In the Partition there happened to be a convenient Hole bored, through which I had a favourable Opportunity of hearing and ſeeing as much as I pleaſed. I ob-

obſerved they fed ravenouſly, and although Perſons (as they ſtiled each other) of the better Sort, not with a great Regard to Delicacy; or a ſcrupulous Attachment to what in *England* is called *common*-Cleanlineſs — but different Countries; different Cuſtoms.

This Party *Quarré* had very uncouth and heteroclite Phyſiognomies, which I ſhall briefly portray to you in the beſt Manner I can. I frequently wiſhed for *Hogarth*'s laughing Pencil to draw them in the loud Eruptions of their coarſe and aukwardly convivial Feſtivity.

The Bunch-noſed Face of one repreſented an obtuſe Angle, ſtudded over with Carbuncles, not of vinous, but of Whiſkey Generation. His flattern Hair was of a dingy black Colour, truſſed up behind in a Bag,

a Bag, with many Cracks in it. Him they called Sir. . . . His Garb was bordering on a Blue with a tarnished Silver Lace.

The Mazard of him they called Squire, and who sat next to the Knight from my Point of View, ran out to an acute Angle. His Complexion was of a Louse-Colour; and indeed his large white pendulous Brows, and Eye-lashes, with Hair of the same Hue, which dangled down his Back in a long greasy Tail, excited an Idea of one of the larger sized of the above-mentioned Vermin. His Attire was a dirty Scarlet, hedged in with an antiquated Gold Binding.

The Fiz which the Third exhibited, was of a short, oval Form, his Head terminating in a narrow Summit, which called

called to mind *Homer*'s οξυκεφαλος, ſpeaking of *Therſites*; from which *Grecian* Deformity this Gentleman appeared to be a Deſcendant. For as I could even at that Time through my peeping Hole diſcover, he was the Wit and Scholar of the Company. He had on him a Suit of ruſty Black, full trimmed. His Hair, as by his Brows appeared, being moſt glaringly red, was cut off, and a ſcanty Bob Wig ſubſtituted as a Covering; which to take off he felt urgent Occaſion twice or thrice during Supper, in order to perfricate and ſcratch his Pericranium; an Amuſement, by the bye, none of the Company ſeemed unacquainted with, or averſe from. It was by theſe incidental Uncoverings, I had an Opportunity of ſeeing his Scull's acuminated Vertex. The Company called him Doctor; but whether of Law, Phyſic,

ſic, or Divinity, I could neither then, nor ever ſince learn.

The Fourth, the laſt, and moſt important Figure of the Groupe, (whoſe Face was not unlike to a ſtretch'd Paralellogram) preſented a ſolemn Length of Profile to me, ſuperintended by an highly prominent, and deeply incurvated Noſe. His Head was ſheltered under a large umbrageous Penthouſe of a dun-coloured Periwig, bearing a very diſtant Reſemblance to what in *England* is called a Brigadier. His Body was looſely enveloped in a wide and old-faſhioned brown Velvet Suit, unlaced; but tawdrily flaring with large Gold Buttons. His Complexion was ſallow. The Colour of his Hair, by his Brows, I diſcovered to be of a mixed Kind, between a Brown and a Sandy. To him the other three, ſeeming as his Followers or Dependents, paid great Deference, calling him

him ever and anon E-r-le; and when they ſpoke *French*, which they frequently did, *Monſieur le Comte*. I could not help ſaying to myſelf in my Corner,—*Ah, quel Comte!*

As ſoon as they had eat their Fill (which was no Trifle) and drank a cheering Glaſs or two, having firſt copiouſly be-ſnuffed themſelves, they began to be jocular in their Way; boiſterous, and coarſe enough of all Conſcience; then fell to drink Toaſts. They dealt much in Inuendos and half Phraſes, (though no Stranger among them) from the habitual Caution of their Country.

This made me nail my Ear, as it were, to the Hole, to catch as much as I could, that I might report faithfully to

our

our political Club all I ſhould be able to collect, for their ſagacious Interpretation.

Their Burſts of Laughter were very diſagreeable, on Account of the Obſtreperouſneſs of their Voices. Thoſe of the Earl, Knight and 'Squire were outrageouſly grating and diſſonant; the Doctor's figured but as a poor ſmall Treble among the tempeſtuous Roaring of his Companions.

They hugged themſelves, ſaying: "Egot we are now come into the Lond of Promiſe. It is very deleetful to ſee the Wealth and Plenty of this Country; and the bra Order every Thing is kept in. This Inn is better furniſhed than moſt of our Noblemens Caſtles in the North."

But

But take Care (obſerved the Doctor) " This Truth is only to be owned among our ſels, and not before the *Engliſh* Loons. For it would make them mickle proud to hear a Declaration ſo derogatory from the Honour of *North-Britain*; and deprive us of that Conſequence which we are to affect upon all Occaſions; by never owning any Thing in *England* to be ſuperior to what we have of the ſame Kind at Hame."

With aſſenting Nods the others approved the Doctor's ſeaſonable Animadverſion; and declared they would moſt re-le-geouſly obſerve it.

The Earl then filled a Bumper, and ſlily leering to the reſt, ſaid: " Come,

Gen-

Gentlemen, I'll give ye a Toaſt: Here is to the two capital Letters of the Alphabet, L. *B.*"—— "With a' our Hearts, with a' our Hearts, cried they in Chorus, and thank you E-r-le for the Toaſt: But you never were out."

At this the Knight inclining to be jocular threw out with an arch Look: "Why, Erle, it is ſaid that our Friend above, is the *fac totum* of a certain great Houſe." "And long may the Cheeld wag ſo," replied the 'Squire. "Amen," joined the Doctor.

The Earl chuckling to himſelf, ſaid: "Why, I like this Humour well; we are very facetious and bonny Company. And ſick it is ſo, let us indulge and drink a merry Bottle To-night; and To-morrow Morning

ing betimes let us awa for our main End; let us ſtrike while the Iron is hot; make Hay while the Sun ſhines, as the old Saying is. Delays are dangerous."

"Never had Lads more Reaſon to be gleeful, added the Doctor; and in the Name of St. *Andrew*, who ought to be at this Juncture ſo merry as we; for to make now a very proper Alluſion to the Claſſics, and eſpecially to that foremoſt of aw the Latin Poets, *Virgil*; where he makes his *Trojans*, travelling from *Troy* in Queſt of happier Regions, as we are now, ſay:

Tendimus in Latium . . . . . .
Italiam petimus. . . . . .
. . . . . Sedes ubi fata quietas.

" We are ſteering to a bountiful Climate where Providence hath provided Eaſe and Plenty for us."

" O Doctor, it is a Juſtice to Truth, complimentarily addreſſed the 'Squire, to ſay that you have never been known at a Loſs to make an *a propos* Infe-rence, or Quotation from the Eutors of Entiquity; and this laſt is a very pretty one, I aſſure you."

" And ſo it is," affirmed the Knight. " Why, Gentlemen, obſerved the Earl, by theſe Compliments you ſeem then not to know that the Doctor is allowed to be the moſt extraordinary Phænomenon for claſſical Learning in this Age; and that there is not his Equal for the *Belles Lettres* in theſe Kingdoms. He is beſides a Man of Femily, and of very good Prin-

Principles; he unites in his ſingle Perſon the three characteriſtic Qualifications we *Caledonians* pride ourſelves for in diſtant Parts, and by which we recommend each other to the Credulity of Strangers."

"In Troth, we believe all the Good you ſay of the Doctor," rejoined the Knight and 'Squire.— During theſe circulating Civilities, the Doctor ſat back a little. His Head was ſomewhat reclined towards his Right Shoulder: But a Smile declaratory of his inward Joy, on Account of the manifeſted good Opinion of him, ſtealing over his Countenance, he, with a white Handkerchief in his Left-Hand, gently raiſed up for that Purpoſe, partly affected to conceal it; and, with an aſſumed Air of Modeſty, ſeemed, as it were, to intreat their deſiſting from any more flattering Expreſſions on his very ſmall Deſerts.

" Well, well; ſaid the Earl, be no longer uneaſy. We'll be merciful to your Merit, ſince you are ſo much troubled with Modeſty, the Failing of us *North-Britons*.— Od ſo, I forget that Joke you told me you had received in a Letter from one of your Correſpondents in the great City; ſomething about *Stuart* and *Naſſau*; and *Naſſau* and *Stuart*.— How is it? It made me laugh, I remember, at the Time; but I have quite forgot the Order of the Text, and how the Words were arranged. Be ſo good then as to repeat it for my Nephew, the Knight, and my firſt Couſin, the 'Squire; they have never heard it."

" You know, E-rle, I am all emplecet Obedience to your Commands; replied the Doctor, riſing from his Chair, and

and bowing moſt reſpectfully,—the Words are theſe,—*As* NASSAU *had heretofore kicked out* STUART; *ſo* STUART *has ſince kicked out* NASSAU."

" Very gud, ay that's it; that's it,—ſaid the Earl; then beckoned to his two Relations to riſe from their Seats and come over to him, that he might whiſper the Explication in their Ears, as if there had been any Body in the Room of whom he ought to be diſtruſtful.

They joined in a Laugh at what he told them, and returning to their Seats, obſerved, " that they are very co-mical People in the South; and ſay what comes uppermoſt: They have none of our *Scotch* Caution about them."

"And happily for us that they have not, ſhrewdly remarked the Doctor; for if they had, we could na thrive ſo well among them." Upon the preſent ſmiling Occaſion I cannot omit repeating a Verſe of Mr. *Pope*'s from ſome Part of his Miſcellanies; but where precifely, I cannot now call to Mind.

Our Pelf and Plenty tell a STUART *reigns.*

"Appoſite and reet again, my gud Friend the Doctor," quoth the Earl.— "It is a Comfort, however, for us to reſt aſſured, happen what Viciſſitude may in Politics; let whatever Card be Trump, we are like to have the upper Hand.—— But ſince the Bottle is empty, in the Name of God let us aw retire,

that

that we may be ſtirring early; otherwiſe we ſhall be overtaken, and outrun by our Countrymen hurrying after us."

The Earl's Will being a Law to the others, they broke up Company, and withdrew each to his Bed-Chamber. I repaired inſtantly to our Club (kept in that very Inn) to make a faithful Report of all I had heard, and try what Meaning they could extract from it.

At the two capital Letters of the Alphabet, L. *B.* they boggled a long Time, till an elderly Member, who had ſtudied the Law in his younger Years, and had been called to the Bar, (but from a conſcientious Principle, as he ſaid, the Excuſe of thoſe who never apply, could not be prevailed on to practice) thus offered to explain the Meaning thereof.

" That the *Scotch* being very fond of the Study of the Civil Law; L. *B.* he took to be Initials that ſtand with them for the Degree of Batchelor of Law, *L-egum B-accalaureus*: This, Gentlemen, added he, I only offer as a Conjecture; but do by no Means intend to impoſe it on you as a Certainty."

He ſat down quite indifferent about either Applauſe or Diſproof; new charged his Pipe and ſmoked away in a careleſs Manner. The reſt of the Company ſtifling a Laugh ready to break out, whiſpered to each other, "the Counſellor is a good-natured, an honeſt, inoffenſive, well-meaning Man; but will never be burnt for a Conjurer.

The next Queſtion to be ſolved was, what could be meant by the *foc totum* of a cer-

a certain great Houſe? To which the Wag of our Club replied: "That was one of the Bye Names given to *Guy*, Earl of *Warwick*, for felling the great Dun Cow, with which the Country in his Time was ſo much infeſted.

Our Preſident of that Night being of a Cynical Diſpoſition, could not keep his Temper at ſuch Ribaldry; but thus angrily broke out,—"Pſhaw, damn your Nonſenſe: Away with the great Dun Cow, and the Earl too,—rather than we ſhould be peſtered with ſuch.—What, in the Name of common Senſe, and *Engliſh* Liberty, are we to be humbugged for the reſt of our Time in this idle Manner? It were much better for ſome Folks to hold their Tongues, keep quiet, and neither meddle nor make, if they cannot deviſe Things more ſatisfac-

tory

tory to offer to the Conſtitution of our Club. Cauſes muſt neceſſarily produce their Effects, if not in Time prevented.''

The Latin Lines, and ſubſequent Quotations none of the Company, they being all Awe-ſtruck by the Frowns of the choleric Preſident, would nibble at, or even attempt to hazard any Thing, though but pertly dull about them; ſo fearful were they all of drawing his old-faſhioned *Engliſh* Indignation upon them: For he is the moſt eminent Bruiſer in this City or County; and would moreover ſee his Man (as the Term is) at any Weapon; and was ever zealouſly on his Tiptoes to browbeat the ſaucy, and to repel arrogant Encroachers.

The

The laſt Appeal was made to the Parſon for an Elucidation of theſe dubious Matters; on Account of his Scholarſhip, as well as in general for his peculiar Penetration at unravelling Difficulties, he being our *Œdipus*, and that, moreover, the Preſident, although ſo abrupt to others, would behave decently to him, through Reſpect of his Cloth.

But, to our great Diſappointment the Curate, who, from the fixed Cogitabundity of his Countenance, we thought had bent all his Thought upon the Subject in Debate, coldly anſwered:—"That for his Part, he could make nothing of them; for that the *Scotch*, in their mental Operations were very abſtracted; and ſo induſtriouſly obſcure in their Expreſſion; that

that but too frequently there is no unriddling them."

The cuſtomary Hour for our Club breaking up being ſtruck, our Preſident quitted his Chair. Each Member paid his Quota of the Reckoning and departed Homeward; all diverſly ruminating upon what had been ſeen and heard.

I was not a little ſurpriſed next Morning, juſt before the Break of Day, to hear a violent Knocking at my Door. Thinking the Occaſion to be very preſſing and extraordinay, I waited not for the Servant's Riſing, but ſprang from Bed, huddled on my Cloths, and ran down with all Speed.

You may gueſs, Sir, that great muſt have been my Surprize, when, having un-

unlocked the Door, and looking out to ſee who this early Viſitant could be, I found it was my Friend the Curate, the Parſon of our Club.—"Good-Morrow, Doctor, ſaid I; what ſingular Cauſe hath procured to me the Favour of ſo early a Viſit; and hath made you thus become an Herald to *Aurora*, a Forerunner of the Dawn?"

"Why, Sir, (after making ſome Excuſes for the Unſeaſonableneſs of his Viſit) I will tell you.—There is no Body within Hearing, I hope." "Not a a Creature," I aſſured him.

"Well then, Sir, ſaid the Curate; ſince you luckily have your Hat on to protect you from the cold Air of the Morning, indulge me with your Company to the Inn, where you overheard the

ex-

extraordinary Matters you related to the Club laſt Night."—" Why, Doctor, replied I, with ſome Amazement, do you ſee any Thing extraordinary in them ?"

" I do, I do, ſaid he; and in our Way thither I will make you ſenſible thereof; nay, convince you. —— My Motive of going to the Inn is to have a a View of thoſe Perſonages ere they ſet out, and who are, now, doubtleſs, preparing to continue their Journey. That is the real Cauſe for my riſing ſo early, and calling upon you; that we may club our Judgments in Conſequence of what I ſhall unfold to you. I ſee by buttoning yourſelf up, you are kind enough to indulge my Requeſt, and honour me with your Company to the Inn; whither we will go the back Way, it being the leaſt frequented; that the important

tant Affairs, I am about to communicate to you, may not be overheard by any Perſon, and which I am bound in Gratitude to reveal to you: Inaſmuch as your Curioſity hath been the lucky Cauſe of this my fortunate Diſcovery; which muſt inevitably procure me ere long a Promotion in the Church."

"Plunged more and more into Surprize, I replied; I wiſhed it with all my Heart, and was very glad to have been the happy Inſtrument; but prayed him to reveal himſelf to me as to Particulars.

"I will, as we proceed, (he then took me by the Arm, and off we marched towards the Inn) "Now, Sir, you remember when I was applied to laſt Night for my Senſe of the ſtrange Things you had related,

I de-

I declined giving any."—"I do." "My then Refuſal did not ariſe from not having immediately taken in the concealed and dangerous Tendency of your Report; but I thought it too good to be laid before a promiſcuous Club, and Men, between you and me, of but very common Underſtanding. Beſides, how did I know, but ſome of them might take the Whip-Hand of me, and diſpatch earlier Intelligence of my Diſcovery, than I could to the Miniſtry: But that I have put out of any Body's Power now; for by a Coachman who drove away an Hour ago, I have ſent three Letters, each containing my Meaning; one to Mr. Secretary *P--t*, one to his Grace of *Canterbury*, and the third to the Lord-Keeper.

"I have acted in this cautious Manner fearing leſt any of the three jealous of

ſo

ſo eſſential a Service, ſhould attempt to ſmother my Packet, in order to arrogate to himſelf the ſole Merit thereof, by ſinking the real Perſon's Name: The other two, you perceive, can witneſs againſt him in my Behalf. Pray anſwer me, Sir, was I not right in ſo doing?"

"Right? no Doubt you were; it is a a very laudable Precaution. But as to the Contents—I am impatient to hear them." "Well, Sir, now you ſhall have them. I commit my Secret and my Fortune to you. But you are a Gentleman and a Man of Honour," ſaid the poor Curate; letting eſcape a ſhort Sigh, and ſqueezing me faſt by the Hand.

"You remember, Sir, what a bungling Effort was made laſt Night to inveſtigate the Purport of the two capital Let-

ters of the Alphabet, L. *B.*— and yet nothing ſo obvious to a Mind rightly illumined. I am now entirely cured of my former Notions of an Earthquake having happened at *London.* What I fear now is a State-Quake; ay, and a Church-Quake too; both which all the uncommon Movements from the North but too ſurely portend."

"What think you is typified by the two capital Letters, L. *B?* Gueſs,—Why nothing more, and nothing leſs than *Louis Bourbon! Lewis Bourbon!* King of *France!*——His being the *foc totum* of a certain great Houſe, inſinuates, that he is to befriend and ſupply it with all Neceſſaries in Order to be reinſtated in its former Poſſeſſions."

"This

" This Explanation is irrefragable; upon which ſtill new Day is thrown by the following Quotations; which, like accumulated Rays flaſhing one upon another, ſtrike with an irreſiſtible and convincing Light.

Tendimus in Latium . . . . . .
Italiam petimus . . . . . .

" We bear away for *Italy*,—— To *Italy* we ſteer." Which Words imply the *Scots* driving Poſt-Haſte to meet and join the young Pretender, who is an *Italian* born. For him theſe Half Verſes are bye Words among his Party and Adherents: Becauſe it is a common Figure to deſign a Prince by a Country; or a Country by a Prince."

" I own myſelf amazed (continued he) at the cogent Truth of this Diſcovery; and fervently thank Heaven for having appointed humble me to be the fortunate Index thereto. It ſhews I have no Reaſon to deſpair; and that I am not entirely forgotten by Providence.—— But to return to the Point: Were there any poſſible Nook left to hitch a Doubt in; the following barefaced Expreſſion would put an End thereto, by ſtopping it up."

" As *Naſſau* had kicked out *Stuart*; ſo *Stuart* has kicked out *Naſſau!*" By *Naſſau* is meant the *Revolution Line*. O unparalelled Effrontery! O audacious Impudence of diſaffected Jacobites! They are Cock-ſure of their diabolical Scheme. They doubt not in the leaſt of its being crowned

crowned with Succeſs, as is farther manifeſted by,

Our Pelf and Plenty tell a Stuart *reigns.*

" Now, Sir, we can eaſily, from this Line, account for the Enemies to our preſent happy Conſtitution, going upwards in ſo ſplendid and unuſual a Manner with Purſes full of Money.—— You may remember, how we were all alarmed here ſome Time ago with the News of three *French* Ships hovering on the moſt northerly Coaſt of *Scotland*; where, inſtead of landing Men and Arms, which we firſt apprehended; they diſembarked only Coffers, full of Money (as is ſuppoſed) to be diſtributed among the Friends to the good old Cauſe, (thus they wickedly call it) that they might hie therewith up to the great Capital; which

is to be ſurpriſed and ſubdued by a new Syſtem; ſeeing that all diſtant Attacks againſt it have hitherto failed."

" Then ſhould Victory crown ſo horrid a Plot, what is inferred by

Sedes ubi fata quietas?

which is Tantamount; to there we ſhall enjoy Peace and Plenty: And literally means that they promiſe to themſelves the engroſſed Poſſeſſion of all good Places of Honour and Profit about Court, to the utter Excluſion of all others.—— Forbid it Liberty; forbid it Religion."

" What *Engliſhman*, at hearing ſuch Things, but muſt feel his Blood boil, and wuold not gladly fight Chin-deep in the Midſt of Carnage, to prevent our Conſtitution

tion in Church and State from being thus overturned? There is no Danger a true *Engliſhman* ought not to encounter to keep out *French* Influence, Popery, the Pretender, and all the juſtly dreaded Conſequences."

" Doctor *Herring*, who formerly filled our See of *York*, chiefly recommended himſelf to the Favour of the Court by his Zeal for our holy Religion, and ſtaunch Loyalty to the preſent illuſtrious Family on the Throne. With both I feel myſelf equally actuated, as that Archbiſhop was. With as much Alacrity would I put on the red Coat To-morrow, as that right and truly reverend Prelate did, to oppoſe and defeat all Inroads of northern Diſaffection. Yea, I would chearfully fall in the Field, Sword in Hand, in the Service of ſo excellent a Sovereign as our

gracious young Monarch; from the brilliant Auſpices of whoſe commencing Reign, his native Country, *England*, has Reaſon to promiſe herſelf ſuch a Series of happy Years."

The Curate (whom I began to ſuſpect of not being abſolutely *Compos Mentis*, but rather delirious) was rouzed from his half abſurd, half zealous Rhapſody, by hearing the Coachman ſmacking a Whip in the Inn-Yard, which we had very near reached. "Good, Sir, ſaid he; let us make Haſte, or I ſhall loſe the Sight I wanted."

We mended our Pace; and juſt as we got to the Gateway, the northern Landau and Six was thwacked away by the Coachman.——In the Vehicle there were but three; the Earl, the Knight, and

the 'Squire, in all whoſe unſymmetrized Countenances the Parſon declared upon his Prieſthood, that Sedition, Rebellion, Conſpiracy, &c. againſt Church and State were written in legible Characters.

He appeared under a great Anxiety to know the Reaſon that cauſed the Abſence of the fourth Perſon of the Company; to wit, the Doctor; and aſked if I was diſpoſed to go into the Inn to make Enquiry. I anſwered, no;— that as it was then growing broad Day, I thought it neceſſary to return to my Houſe, leſt the Family ſhould be alarmed at my having been called out in ſo unuſual a Manner, and at ſo early an Hour.

" Well, well, ſaid he; in the Name of God do you go Home: I propoſe waiting on you at Breakfaſt Time, to let you

you know all I ſhall have been able to learn relating to this Doctor; of whom I begin to feel alarming Doubts.— This is ſome deep Jeſuitical Scheme.

A Thought come juſt athwart my Mind ſuggeſts to me, that he is deſignedly left by his Company in our ancient City of *York* to ſerve their infernal Purpoſes, and be a ready Agent to forward ſome diabolical Plot in this Part of *England*. Very like ſome Attempt upon our Coaſt.

But here am I the choſen of the Lord, and appointed Antidote againſt their political Bane. No, no; the beneficent Power that has protected our Fleet and Armies in ſo ſpecial a Manner, will never permit us to fall a Prey to the Machinations of the Wicked, and become Vaſſals to the Prince of Darkneſs. For

my

my Part, I will loſe no Time to dive to the Bottom of Things, in order to counterwork all northern Imps of hereditary Diſaffection. But, Sir, do you repair Home; I ſhall come to you anon, with a Budget full of News."

Glad to be releaſed from, I ſhook Hands with him, and ſprang away over the Channel, proud of my Gaol Delivery. I could not but ſmile as I went along on thinking how the poor and zealous Curate (for Poverty and Zeal are frequent Concomitants in the Church) muſt have boxed his Bolſter and Pillow about, while he indulged his teeming Brain in unravelling all thoſe Intricacies of his own Creation; and with which he was ſo fondly ſmitten. I concluded (and I believe juſtly) that he had not ſlept a Wink the preceding Night.

By

By the Time I had got half Way down the Lane, I heard the Noiſe of a Perſon running after me quite out of Breath; ſoon felt a Pat on my Shoulder, and turning me round on the Inſtant, "What my Curate again?"

"Yes, Sir; I aſk Pardon; but I know you are my Friend."—"Doubtleſs."—"That is the Reaſon, Sir, I have run after you, apprehenſive that a generous Friendſhip for me might impel you to talk of what I have revealed, either to your Wife, Family or others, as an Aſſurance of my Fortune.

But I earneſtly intreat, Sir, your Finger on your Lips till an Anſwer ſhall be received from above? My Reliance is chiefly on *P-t*, whom I take to be an honeſt

honeſt Man, if what ſeveral News-Papers have advanced, be true.—— But you know, after all, Humanity is frail; and to render too great a Service is ſometimes a more unſurmountable Obſtacle to Preferment than to have done none at all.

But no more of that at preſent. It is not my Buſineſs to caſt a diſcouraging Gloom over ſo chearful a Proſpect, and prognoſticate bad Fortune to myſelf, when there is all imaginable Reaſons to hope the Reverſe.

Pardon my once more recommending Secrecy to you.— I'll now back to the Inn; for I have not as yet ſeen, or indeed learned any Thing of the *Machiavel* Doctor."

The

The Curate having thus unladen the Anxiety of his Boſom, ſhook my Hand with great Affection; ſet a running for the Inn, as if a certain Preferment depended thereupon; and not a Whit inferiour in Speed to a flying Culprit purſued by the Officers of Juſtice.

I could not help enjoying and laughing at his Speed while within View, pitying at the ſame Time, his Quixotic Delirium; for I began to look ſeriouſly upon the poor Man, as very far gone, and to be in the full Enjoyment of what *Dryden* has ſo elegantly expreſſed,

There is a Happineſs in being mad,
Which none but Madmen know.

True

True to his Word, like the Ghoſt in *Hamlet*, he came to my Houſe about two Hours after, brimful, nay, ſurcharged with ominous Informations, as was to me very perceivable from the buſy working of the Muſcles of his Face.

With much ado I could prevail on him to ſit down to Breakfaſt with me and Family, then aſſembled for that Purpoſe. But ſo abſorbed was he in Thought, that having ſtuck a Slice of Bread and Butter in his Mouth, he there let it remain, quite forgetful of the neceſſary Function of Chewing.

He continued in that Groteſque Manner, and in a Kind of Trance, for the Space of a Minute, we all ſtaring at him, which he obſerved not.

But

But anon, as if ſuddenly inſpired, his Viſage brightened, and as much as to ſay; "Ay, that's the Truth." He ſtarting up, gave a violent Bang with his Fiſt, (none of the ſmalleſt) on the ſlender Tea-Table, which made it to ſpin and quiver again.—— Its whole Apparatus was overſet.

The younger Children began to ſnivel and ſoon raiſed their Notes to a Roar for Loſs of their Bread and Butter.— My Wife was going to fly at him for having deſtroyed her beautiful and favourite Set of China.

The Servant-Maid attending the Tea-Kettle looked Indignation at the affrighted Curate, as a moſt wicked Clergyman for having done ſo much Damage in the Family.

Family. The poor Wretch expected nothing but bad Humour and harſh Treatment from her Miſtreſs for ſome Days in Conſequence of her Loſs, though no Fault of hers. But Woman's Anger muſt be vented on ſome habituated innocent Victim of the Family, when Puniſhment cannot with Propriety be extended to a foreign Offender.

I interfered by my Authority in Behalf of the Curate; who, with contrite and ſupplicating Looks, deprecated my Wife's Reſentment, and pleaded for the Remiſſion of an Offence, to which he declared there had been no Premeditation, Deſign, or Malice propenſe in any Shape.

" Pooh, pooh, Man, quoth I, ſay no more about the Matter: It is a meer Accident; abſolute chance Medley.——

Hang the Cups, never grieve about them; I will make my Wife a Preſent of as good a Set next Week."

Revived and overjoyed by this Promiſe of mine, which reſtored good Humour in the Family, he twitched me by the Sleeve, and pulling me aſide a little, ſaid: "If you will take a Turn or two in your Garden, I have ſuch Things to tell you!" —— "With all my Heart," I anſwered—ſo into the Garden we went.—I led the Way; he followed.

The Curate having carefully ſhut the Garden Door, came up to me ſmacking his Lips, and ſnapping his Finger and Thumb with an Air of Triumph: "I have no longer any Doubt that very dangerous Syſtems are carrying on againſt the Government, and that ſome of the Con-

Conſpirators' wicked Enginery is to be played off here, by this ſtay-behind Doctor, who has affected being ſuddenly ſeized this Morning with a moſt violent Fever, which retarded his Companions ſetting off about an Hour.—— They all four (as I have gathered from the People of the Inn) have acted their Parts very well; —the feigned Sick, and the mock Condolers.

He earneſtly begged, prayed, and at laſt prevailed on them not to retard their Journey by any Means on his Account; for that in ſo critical a Time as the preſent, Procraſtination might be fatal: that for his Part, as ſoon as his Health ſhould permit, he would profit of the very firſt Opportunity to repair after them. He repeated to them (as the Servant told me) not to forget to preſent his reſpectful Attachment, *&c.* to the Great Mon,

(that is, no Doubt, the Pretender) which they faithfully promiſed. Having expreſſed (in all Appearance) a very deep Concern for their being neceſſitated, by the Urgency of their Buſineſs in the Mother City, to leave him behind; they ordered the Coachman to make ready: and off, they went as we ſaw them this Morning.

" Now, Sir, what proves to me that this is but a counterfeit Malady to cover ſome deep laid Scheme; the Doctor will not ſuffer a Phyſician, Surgeon, or Apothecary to come near him. Nay more, that no Judgment may be formed from his Looks, he has ordered the Room to be kept continually in Darkneſs; and when the Maid-Servant fetches Whey or any other Article he calls for, he forbids her to bring the Candle near him.

" In order to ſatisfy my Curioſity, I deſired the Miſtreſs of the Houſe to ſend up my Compliments, as Curate of the Pariſh, to the ſick Gentleman; and that if he wanted any Comfort or Aſſiſtance which my Function adminiſters to thoſe in his Situation, I was ready to attend him.

" Upon cloſely examining the Servant ſent on the Errand (who fain would ſoften Matters) I found my courteons Offer was rejected, and rather treated with Contempt, than with any decent Return; at leaſt, ſuch as it merited, from a Perſon wearing the Semblance of a Gentleman. But this Slight is eaſily accounted for, when we look upon him as one conſpiring the Downfall of the Church, and perhaps a concealed Jeſuit.

" He that is an Enemy to the Church, is an Enemy to the State; he that is an Enemy to the State, is an Enemy to the King; he that is an Enemy to the King, is an Enemy to the Country; he that is an Enemy to the Country is an Enemy to the Conſtitution.—— Now, Sir, theſe are Inferences and Deductions ſo obviouſly, ſo clearly, ſo manifeſtly flowing one from the other, that they conſtitute in the Whole an aggregated Proof.

" As, no Doubt, Letters will be ſent to this purpoſely-ſequeſtered Doctor, the ready Way to come at a Knowledge of the Plot would be to open them.— But how effectuate that? Were I to give the leaſt Hint to our Poſt-Maſter, he would, perhaps, be for jockeying me out of my Diſcovery. I will therefore write another Letter to the Secretary of State, informing

forming him of the ſham Sickneſs, as well as of my loyal Surmizes; inſinuating at the ſame Time, that if Directions were ſent to the Office here, for all Letters addreſſed to the ſick Doctor at the Inn, to be given firſt privately to me for my Peruſal, I ſhould thereby be enabled to plan my Operations in ſuch a Manner as to countermine and blow up all their iniquitous Meaſures.— Do not you approve of this Reſolution?—I ſee by your aſſenting Nod you do;—then will I Home, and ſtraight about it.— At the Club To-night if more I learn; more ſhall I impart."

I was glad he left me:— So much Jargon, ſtill harping on the ſame String, was become quite tireſome and diſagreeable.— I could not, however, but ſmile at the quick Concluſions which he drew

from a Man's having, perhaps, an Abhorrence to Phyſic, weak Eyes fearful of the Light: and his not being overdeſirous of eccleſiaſtic Converſation.

At Night, according to Cuſtom, I went to our Club at the Inn. There I learned that the Doctor's Fever was of the moſt violent and rapid Nature, he being then delirious; and that in all Probability he could not live long, which was the Phyſician's and Surgeon's Opinion, ſent for by the Landlady, when informed that her Gueſt was in a raving Fit.

They ordered (as if the Patient had not been in a ſufficient State of Irritation and Phrenzy) a Bliſter-Plaſter, which, ſhould it prove ineffectual, they declared Matters all over with him, and aſſigned him to the Undertaker.

I thought

I thought them not much more rational as to their Conjecture about the Cauſes of his Diſeaſe; to wit: Firſt, that the ſick Gentleman being (as it appeared to them) of a thin and flimſy Habit of Body, the continued Fatigue, and vehement Shaking which he muſt have undergone in a Carriage, he moſt probably, had not been much accuſtomed to, had deranged the whole Syſtem of his Fibres.

The Doctor, whoſe Name was *Word-flux Wheedle*, impatient to diſplay his Eloquence, thus ſet off: "An Indigeſtion, Gentlemen, I aſſign for the ſecond Cauſe, and that ariſing from a Combat excited by the rich and ſucculent Nurture, extracted from *Engliſh* Food and Liquors, with the latent Acrimony derived from an Oatmeal Diet, abounding in the Humours

mours of thoſe who inhabit on the other Side of the *Tweed*.

" Now theſe Humours, when by a Benefit of Nature (that is a generous Effort of the Vital Stamina) are not forcibly compelled to make their Exit through the Periphery of the Body; that is, to break out on its Surface, there to appear in a like odious and dreaded Array, as the ravaging Borderers of old—then Affairs are become violent.

" Yes, Gentlemen, I ſay, when this good Effect, this beneficial and ſalutary Expulſion does not happen, then an inteſtine War is excited by the Contrariety of Humours ſkirmiſhing in the *Primæ Viæ*; or in the vulgar Phraſe, Nature's Kitchen, and firſt Offices of Concoction.

" Theſe

" Theſe incendiary Bickerings in the interiour Man, by abrading, vellicating, and corroding the eſſential Strings of Life, diſmantle the whole Machine; make the Soul abdicate her elevated Station of Obſervance, and decline all Attention to what paſſes within her Empire.

" From ſuch a general Confuſion and tumultuous Hurry, both in Soul and Body, an Alienation of the Mind can be readily accounted for;—and the Approximation of Death be pronounced with ſcientific Certainty.

" By Experiments lately made, under the Inſpection of an eminent Chemiſt, upon Oatmeal, the Malignancy of that Grain hath been ſatisfactorily developed.

In

In the Analyſis of it (with the Aſſiſtance of a good Microſcope) were diſcovered *Spicula*, or very ſmall Needles, ſharp-pointed at each End; but in their Length armed all around with little Teeth, like a Saw, which-ever Way directed, they either cauſe an acute Puncture, or ſtaring Lacerations.

" By this Diſcovery we are enabled to explain Oatmeal's innate, its reſtleſs Antipathy to the Skin of Mortals, and that always in Proportion to the Delicacy of the latter.— Hence we can give Reaſons why in a Nation where the Inhabitants, during their Infancy, Adoleſcence, Youth and Manhood, are fed on the different Preparations of Oatmeal, more People with long and ruthful Viſages are to be ſeen than in other Kingdoms.

" The above-mentioned *Spicula*, by ſo frequently, ſo repeatedly cutting, tearing and breaking through tender Fibres, during Infancy, deſtroy their Tonus; then by an oozy unbracing Humour in Conſequence, they are in a continued State of Maceration; thereby rendered leſs ſpringy, leſs elaſtic; conſequently are made to ſtretch. and eke themſelves out to a ſorrowful Length, far exceeding that which the modelling Symmetry of Nature had at firſt intended; as is demonſtrable from her conſtant Practice among the Nations where an Oatmeal Diet is unknown.

" Hence we can alſo account for the general Want of Imagination, or true poetic Faculty among the Feeders upon Oatmeal; as alſo for their Pretenſions to the Gift of ſecond Sight; an Infatuation known

known only among ſuch: and which will not appear altogether ſo chimerical and viſionary, when we ſhall have explained in as brief a Manner as poſſible the Structure of the Brain; how it is acted upon by the avenaceous, or Oatmeal *Spicula*, and what muſt be the Effects in Conſequence.

" You are to know, Gentlemen, (whether you have ſeen a Brain, or not) that it is of a Curd-like Conſiſtence; in ſome Parts harder, in others ſofter: and inclining to the ſame Complexion, through all its interiour Subſtance. Its Surface, indeed, is of a cineritious or dark brown Colour. Thereon various Indentures are ſeen, cauſed by its Adaptation to the Scull and environing Teguments, for the Conveniency of the Ingreſs and Egreſs of Blood-Veſſels, *&c.* a Matter of too intricate a Nature, and which muſt prove unintelligible

telligible, were I to enter into a minute Detail about it, without having a real or artificial Brain to demonſtrate upon.

" Nothing, however, can be more entertaining to a philoſophic Mind, than to intuitively paſs in Review, and ſpeculatively enjoy all the Wonders which are tranſacted in that amazing Organ, the divine Protoplaſtery, if I may ſo term it, of the Soul's allotted Reſidence.

" Firſt, if we trace the Blood ſhot up thither from the Left Ventricle, or Chamber of the Heart, by the propulſive Force of its principal Engine, the great Artery. Then if we repreſent to our Minds the Change it undergoes through the *cineritious* Department; in that Diſtrict diveſting itſelf, as it were, of its crimſon Aſpect to take on a milder and more congenial one with that which is to be aſſumed by the

the defecated Parent-Fluid of the animal Spirits: while the more truculent red Particles are ſtrained off, and conveyed downward to the large collecting Vein, called the *Vena Cava*. Thence to be forwarded through its conducting Portico to the Right Chamber of the Heart. Whence, with a leſs violently impinging Force than that of the Left, it is to be kindly and foſteringly protruded through the aufractuous and complicated Subſtance or rather Compages of the Lungs, that in their diverſely extended Branch-Work, or Grape-Work, it may be compreſſed, re-cemented, coadunated, re-inſpirited, exalted, and finally, re-impregnated by the vivific *Aura* that energetically imparts all neceſſary Vigour to the Blood, with a renovated Erubeſcence, in Order to reiterate the vital Ring.

Let

" Let us now leave the Blood driving in full Career through all inferiour Parts, or Netherlands of the Microcoſm; but re-aſcend to the ſuperiour Regions of the Brain: there contemplate the marvellous Operations carried on in this great Foundery of human Thought.

Among thoſe happy Mortals, whoſe Aliments are of a benign Nature, we obſerve, that the thence extracted nutritive Particles are of a finely attenuated, ſmooth and poliſhed Texture; that by Virtue of ſaid Qualities, they, with ſurpriſing Eaſe and wonderful Agility, enter, pervade, and permeate all converging, diverging, aſcending, deſcending, advancing, recoiling Paths to and from, as well as Avenues in or about the Brain; by whoſe maſterly Entwiſtings and multi-

farious Complications, ſuch delicate Intricacies and pleaſing Mæanders are formed, for the more perfectly engendering of the animal Spirits; who at their ſtarting into Exiſtence, find therein large Apartments prepared for their Uſe and Convenience, ſomeſupported with very elegant Pillars. It is there they make their firſt ſportive Eſſays of Intellectuality, and pre-act in the parental Brain all the future Characters of Life.

" Behold how the newly-formed wanton and frolick about in various Ways; now running here, now there. Now they mount a Cock-horſe upon each other, and now diſport in a thouſand diverſified Pranks, like the merry Younkers of *Weſtminſter* and *Eaton*.

" At other Times affecting a more ſolemn Air and Gait, they proceed with all the Gravity of City Magiſtrates, wiſe Judges, reverend Biſhops, or ſage Privy Counſellors. Every Mode of the Mind is by them played off in Miniature.

According to the Momentum of Force and Velocity with which they ſtrike againſt, and fly off from each other, the Difference of Genius in Mortals; its Degree of Elevation, Quickeſs or the Reverſe, is computable. Thus, in Fact, it appears that in our moſt accompliſhed State, we are but the grown up, and larger ſized Puppets of thoſe little inviſible Agents; to whom we are entirely indebted for our perceptive and loco-motive Faculties, as well as for every pleaſing Senſation.

" By them we are often actuated and hurried away, whether we will or not.— As they conſpiringly glance together, they ſhew us all the Tints and Nuances of Colour and Proportion, and through their Co-operation, the beautiful and diverſified Scenery with which this World is adorned; making us, at the ſame time, nicely ſenſible of all the varied Excellence of harmonic Numbers: which they mark in a moſt exquiſite Manner, by waving in Chorus their little Silver Fins, with the Help of whoſe Lightning-Swiftneſs, they dart ſo nimbly to the immediate Execution of their reſpective Offices.

" Theſe are among the more noble Services which they render to Mankind while awake.— But when we ſleep, there are Patrols of them detached through all

Parts,

Parts, to ſcour the Country, as it were, and ſee that no Danger is near; that nothing hoſtile is latent: nothing inſidious hatching againſt the Sanity of the Conſtitution.

" When ſatisfied that all is ſafe within their Charge; the arch ones upon Duty take a great Delight, to excite a thouſand Whimſeys in their ſleeping Tenements, by uſing the ſeveral Chambers, Alcoves, or Grottos of the Brain (each Denomination would equally ſuit) as ſo many *Camera-Obſcuras*, to make them in their Dreams imagine they ſee all Things turned upſide down; in a Variety of groteſque or terrifying Appearances: as People with ſeveral Heads, their Feet turned upwards, *&c.* Some fancy they are fighting, others drowning, or falling down a Pre-

cipice; or ſcared by all the monſtrous Shapes the little Imps pleaſe to haunt them with.

" At other Times, on a Signal given, they inſtantly aſſemble, wedge themſelves cloſely together, and ſquat in ſerried Crowds upon the Surface of the Lungs. Where, having impreſſed a Senſe of violent Suppreſſion, as far as with Safety to Life can be borne, as well as to the inexpreſſible Anxiety of the ſo ſuperincumbed, off they rapidly flit, exulting with Joy at the Anguiſh and Torture which they had made their poor Hoſt undergo.

" This wicked Paſtime of theirs is called by vulgar Underſtandings the *Incubus*, or Night-Mare; which generally ends according to the Feeling of uninformed Sufferers; as if a Cat, or the Devil

vil had juſt leaped from off their Breaſts. Poor Puſs's being accidentally in the Room draws Indignation and Chaſtiſement on her Innocence, through a miſtaken Reſentment againſt the riotous Oppreſſion of others.

" The waggiſh ones (for there are Wags among the animal Spirits) chuſe lower Scenes than the Breaſt, or even the Navel, for the playing of their Anticks.

" By twitching, or tickling, they cauſe in ſome of the human Species ſudden and violent Upriſings,—in others tentiginous and immeaſurable Cravings.—— By indulging too much in ſuch Frolicks, they often get themſelves deeply ſouſed and in ſuch a Pickle, that when drawn out thereof, they are brought back quite blinded and all-reeking to their more

ſober Companions; who turn them into a general Mockery, and making Mouths, ſay fleeringly to them :—" Ha!—have you got it? Will you go that Way again?

" But the courteous and beneficent animal Spirits are thoſe, who delight to ſuperinfuſe a pleaſing Balm into the Sleep of Mortals. It is by their friendly Mediation, that we ſee no other but enchanting Objects; now ſtraying through flowery Vales; now walking along the verdant Banks of full, but gently gliding Rivers; now aſcending ſweet Slopes; now traverſing beauteous Lawns; now loſing ourſelves in the Wood-Land, the Deer blithely ſcudding before us.

" Thus we joyouſly proceed, till called by a ſudden Laugh to an inviting Bower; the Pride of *Flora*; and that bids Defiance

fiance to all human Art. O additional Bliſs, there to meet the Object of our waking Fondneſs, with Myrtle crowned; and languiſhingly lolling on a Couch of Roſes: while all around concerting Birds with rapturous Notes, attune to Tenderneſs, our Hearts ſympathetically bounding to the kind Alarm.

" To dwell no longer upon an Article I perceive I have already been rather prolix upon; and to cut the Matter ſhort: I leave it to every one of you, Gentlemen, to recall to your Memories what are the Kind of Dreams you are moſt abhorrent from, or the moſt delighted with. You are now, I have Reaſon to flatter myſelf, ſufficiently initiated, by what I have ſaid, to explain to yourſelves, or Friends, the Origin of Dreams, and their Effects; whether frightful, or agreeable.

" It

" It is therefore high Time that I reſume my Subject, and return to the Proof of that Text which I chiefly ſet out on; and that is, to give Reaſons, the *quomodo*, the *quare*, and the *quia*; the *how*, the *why*, and the *wherefore*, the *Phil-Oatmealites* are on one Hand deprived of the true poetic Faculty; and on the other, why they lay a Claim to the Gift of *ſecond Sight*.

" I pray, Gentlemen, muſter up all your Attention to take in the Cogency of my Demonſtration, the Matter being ſomewhat new, obſcure and intricate; but not a Whit leſs true for being ſo.

" I intreat you to call to Mind the Diſcovery made by the lately inſtituted Experiments upon Oatmeal. The Upſhot of all which is: that the ſharp-pointed and

and Saw-toothed *Spicula* (as deſcribed above) when ſhot upwards in the great Torrent of Blood, for the miraculous Filtrations, *&c.* to be perſormed in the Brain; being impeded by their horrent Surfaces from paſſing glibly through the ſmall and delicate Veſſels there; they, impatient of Oppoſition, and to diſembaraſs themſelves from all ſuch Stoppage, either with their ſharp Points cut themſelves out another Way; or with their prickly Sides tear and mangle the tender Canals as they preſs through, and cauſe much the ſame Kind of Ravage there as is often conſpious on the Circumference of the outward Man.

"In Conſequence of ſuch Lacerations, the tender Connections and nice Dependencies in the Organ, dedicated to Intellectuality, are broken, interrupted and

Va-

Variety of Chaſms cauſed. Thus preter-natural Roads are made in the Brain.

" This calamitous Diſaſter happens to the People we ſpeak of, in their Infant State. Its Period can be aſcertained at the firſt Time of the Teguments of the Head being covered with an univerſal Incruſtation; which denotes the great *Criſis*, and violent Efforts of the Soul ſtruggling againſt the Laceration of her primary Seat, Reaſon's Citadel. Theſe devious Paths I repeat it, being once made, are ever purſued by all ſucceeding *Spicula*. For it happens ſoon after, that interiourly, as well as exteriourly, the ſeparating Læſion of the Parts is cicatriſed by the ſelf-medicating Power of Nature.

" Then what follows?—— Now my Theory ſtrikes! Now triumphs! Now muſt it evince ye of its Truth! The very ſmall, and extremely delicate Veſſels (by which all the exquiſite Tints and beautifying Dyes of Nature's profuſely variegated Works are taken in and treaſured up; to be employed as Occaſion ſhall require, or Inſpiration command) being entirely obliterated: In their Room are ſubſtituted many ragged Crannies and irregular Cavities, filled with nothing but Wind, that cauſeth a frequent Rumbling in the Brain; which often induces the ſo Miſ-agitated to think themſelves ſublimed by Fancy, big with Thought, and poetical to the laſt Degree.

" But when they come to be delivered of their falſe Conceptions, bombaſtic

baſtic Swelling, and imaginary Throes upon Paper; there appears Nothing to all candid and impartial Readers, but a noiſy Puffing, an enormous Tympany of Words, emblematic of the reboating Ca-Caverns whence they iſſued.— Here my Phraſeology ecchoes to my Meaning.

" Upon theſe Principles alſo, we can account for ſo many among them laying a Claim to *ſecond Sight*.— When from theſe Hollows, Windy Eruptions, cauſed either by Intoxication, or Rarefaction, eſcape, ruſh, and daſh one againſt the other, in adverſe Directions: They, during ſuch a Conflict, give a violent Shake and Commotion to all the neighbouring Parts; by which (as by the accelerated and irregular Pulſations of Arteries violently ſtriking the Optic Nerves

of

of Drunkards) is excited a Senſation of fiery Flaſhes, and of a Multiplication of Lights.— A Fact often experienced by Topers.

" So then it clearly reſults, that it is to the impetuous Colliſion of contrary Blaſts of Wind, bickering in the adventitious Vacuities of the Brain, that the *Caledonians* are indebted for their ſo much boaſted and ſupernatural Gift of ſecondarily-mental Irradiation.

" Thus far, Gentlemen, my philoſophic Syſtem, I perceive by your pleaſed Countenances, has met your wiſhed-for Approbation; which affords to me that interiour Satisfaction of not having miſſpent my Time.— I now return to the primary Subject of this long and digreſſionary Debate; the ſick Stranger ſeized with

with a ſudden Violence of Diſtemper, which, through the Courſe of ſome Years Practice, I have obſerved to be the Caſe, and often fatally ſo, with many of his Countrymen.

" This Kind of endemic Diſeaſe, which they are hereabouts ſubject to, hath induced me to write an Eſſay on the Neceſſity (ere they travel Southward) of a previous Preparation by Phlebotomy, Emetics, Cathartico-Abſorbents, and Sulphureo-Sudorifics, with all the Magazine of Aperitives, and Attenuants, to meliorate, deterge, and edulcorate the pruriginous Craſis, or tetterous Conſtitution of their Blood. In order thereby to deſtroy, expel and eliminate the originating Cauſe of the Fibre-tearing *Spicula*: Which being effectuated, the Humours of the before acrimoniouſly vitiated Body become

become leſs irritable, and of a more kindly Conſiſtence; which humanizes and qualifies the Stomach, *&c.* to enter into a friendly Aſſociation with the gentler nutritive Juices, extracted from the Aliments of the South. To whoſe genial Power, however, they muſt accuſtom themſelves by Degrees, by little and little, *pian, piano,* as the *Italians* ſay.

" Becauſe every ſudden Change although from bad to better, as in the practical Caſe before us, is fraught with Danger, as hath been long ſince moſt judiciouſly obſerved, and not leſs faithfully tranſmitted to us by him; who may with Juſtice be entitled the great Founder of Phyſic! *Hippocrates,* born in the Iſle of *Cos!* a truly wonderful Man! the Phœnix of our Art. Of whom, Gentlemen, ye have all heretofore heard frequent

Mention."— The Doctor at length concluded.

Although I could not but ſmile at the preparatory Doctrine in the Concluſion of the medicinal Orator's long-winded Rhapſody; yet, I took it into my Head, for Amuſement's Sake, to puzzle him a little about his favourite and darling Hypotheſis.

"Inaſmuch, Sir, as I have perceived by the Tenor of your Diſcourſe, that our more northern Neighbours do not ſtand high in your Eſtimation; and that you have fabricated a Syſtem to their Diſadvantage: Give me Leave to obſerve to you, that they might ſtrain Matters in a like Manner, to account for the Heavineſs and Stupidity aſcribed to the poorer

and

and lower Sort among the *Iriſh*, from their living moſtly upon Potatoes.

They might (as you have done) quote chymical Experiments upon that Root; as their having thence extracted a torpifying Phlegme, to which they might aſſign what Qualities, and Effects a Brain, fertile in chimerical Notions, might ſuggeſt. If you mean ſeriouſly all you have ſaid, I muſt diſſent from your Thoughts. But ſhould by no Means diſapprove of, nay, rather applaud it, if intended to ridicule all Hypotheſes of limiting and accounting for the Genius of different People by their Climate and Food.

" Grant (for Suppoſition's Sake alone) what you have advanced relative to the *Caledonian* Feeders upon Oatmeal, to be

 true.—

true.— You muſt, nevertheleſs, exclude all thoſe who have not been uſed to ſuch Nutriment."

" If any ſuch there be, with all my Heart; (tartly replied the Doctor) Beſides, Sir, you muſt know that Maladies are derivative and hereditary from Generation to Generation.— You alſo know, that there is no general Rule without an Exception. I do not flatter myſelf ſo far as to conclude, that my Syſtem is on all Sides unaſſailable. For Man is but mortal; therefore, liable to Errour: and conſequently I am not infallible. But upon the Whole, I aſſert, my Hypotheſis hath as rational a Complexion, as great an Air of Truth as any of the Kind hitherto ſtarted— moreover."

The

The indefatigable Doctor would have launched out anew, and continued to bewilder us for a long Time with his rambling, vague, desultory, and inconclusive Vagaries, had not luckily for us a Messenger come for him to visit a Patient at some Distance in the Country.

The least Notification of this Kind was enough for him to start up and away. For although he loved much to hear himself talk; yet, the Odour of a Fee had too powerful an Attraction for him, to risque losing any golden Opportunity of the latter, for the Sake of indulging the former.

No sooner was Doctor *Wordflux Wheedle* departed from the Company, than I observed to them how he lost his Time by remaining in a Provincial City; that such florid Excursions, as he appeared capable

of, could not fail ſecuring Fortune to him, in that great Receptacle and general Refuge of forward Empirics, *London*; the very Entrance to whoſe Suburbs is endowed with the transforming Power of exhibiting Men, who, in Country Towns, had been but Surgeons, as Doctors; Apothecaries as Surgeons; and Fellows entirely ignorant of any Branch of the *Æſculapian* Art, as all three. There real Merit, which is ever clogged with Baſhfulneſs and Diffidence, makes but very ſlow, if any, Advances; while the all-undertaking Intrepidity of Ignorance, ſhining on a brazen Forehead, accompanied with a Flippancy of Tinſel-Eloquence, but too often ſupplies the Deficiency, and triumphs in the Lieu of every other Requiſite.

Now I think, Gentlemen, without any Partiality, we may pitt our Friend the

Doctor

Doctor, for a ready Exploſion of Words, no Matter as to Propriety, againſt any of the medicinal Meteors, who have talked themſelves into any Degree, not of chaſte Fame, but of public Notoriety, in that great Capital.

WORDFLUX WHEEDLE, beſides his oily Talent of Speaking, diſplays a Parade of Politeneſs, puſhed to Exceſs, a Proof of half Breeding; which forward reſtleſs Deſire ſeldom fails of becoming troubleſome, and often deviates into Rudeneſs, or a Diſguſting, although undeſigned.

I have been highly entertained at ſeeing *Wheedle*'s Behaviour with his Patients, eſpecially when neceſſary to prevail upon them to take a Doſe which he had ordered. Upon ſome Occaſions I have

thought him a tolerable tragi-comic Actor.

He has a Gradation of Bows, as he comes into a Patient's Chamber, always proportioned to the Wealth and Conſequence of each, as well as of the accidental Aſſiſtants at a Viſit. He carefully deals his Smiles around, reſpectfully vibrating the powdered and full-blown Volume of his Wig to all.

But when he ſeats himſelf by the ſick Perſon's Bed (which is done with a certain Air of Solemnity) he looks a Semblance of the tendereſt Affection for the Patient's Suffering; feels the Pulſe in a moſt reſpectful Manner: then utters a few ſoothing Words by Way of comforting Advice.

But

But if the Nurſe, or any Attendant inform him, that the laſt Medicine he had preſcribed was refuſed to be taken; if the Patient be a Maiden Lady, he throws himſelf on his Knees by her Bed-ſide, and thus breaks out into tender Reproaches.——

" Cruel; how could you act thus neglectfully of your ineſtimable Self? Reflect on what you owe to Society, to all your Friends, to your fond Admirers, and to the Author of Creation; which is now over-caſt with a melancholy Gloom through a ſympathetic Feeling for your Diſorder.

" Be prevailed on, dear Madam; ſweet Angel, and Ornament of the *beau Monde*, to drink the Potion, which I have ordered for you. Its Ingredients (quite unknown among other Practitioners)

ners) are of ſo exalted a Nature, and poſſeſs Virtues ſo powerful, as they ſhall immediately recall their wonted Brilliancy to your Eyes; awake the ruby Colour of your Lips; and make you iſſue Abroad in a few Days, to repeat your Triumphs over Mankind; while all Hearts ſtrike to your ſuperiour Charms, to the dimpled Vermillion of your Cheeks, as now the Ships of other Nations ſtrike to *Britannia*'s Flag."

Should theſe ſoft Pellets at her Vanity fail to produce the deſired Effect, he then varies his Attitudes of Entreaty and Humiliation; kiſſes her Hand, drops ready and obedient Tears thereon,— ſolemnly declares, he never will riſe, but will grow to the Floor on his Knees, until ſuch Time as ſhe ſhall conſent to have Compaſſion on herſelf; on the World, al-

already inconſolable at the bare Apprehenſion of loſing ſo great a Treaſure; and that, through her own unpardonable Obſtinacy; which laſt reproachful Word it was with all the Regret imaginable, he could prevail on himſelf to pronounce. He commonly ends his kind Ejaculations by offering to drink the Potion alternately Drop for Drop with her Ladyſhip.

O—h! there is no refuſing ſo dear a Creature of a Doctor!— She raiſes herſelf faintly,—takes the Bottle gently; languiſhingly ſmiles an humble Acquieſcence to his Will—intreats him to riſe; which he does with Alacrity; and thanks her Ladyſhip with an enthuſiaſtic Effuſion of Words.— The Aſſiſtants are all charmed. "Well, to be ſure they had never heard the like before. He is really an enchanting Man!

Man! Certainly his Diſcourſe would do a ſick Body more Good than another Doctor's *Julap*."— Off goes he wondered at and rewarded; two agreeable Circumſtances, and are the utmoſt the truly knowing, and intelligent of the Faculty can hope to attain. Both which the Craft of the phyſical Trade, will always reach at ſooner, than undoubted and ſuperiour Skill in the healing Art.

It is not with the Ladies only that ſuch Parading takes: the Gentlemen too, and thoſe ſometimes of the ſtrongeſt Senſe cannot help lending pleaſed Attention to ſuch adulatory Expreſſions, and ſeducive Manner of Proceeding.

By Arts like theſe have I known our glib-tongued Doctor inſinuate himſelf into the good Opinion of a Perſonage of

the

the foremoſt Rank in the State; and likewiſe eminent for his cultivated Faculties of the Mind.

This great Man having been for a long Time harraſſed with an irkſome and lingering Diſeaſe; he from that Anxiety and Impatience of all towering and active Minds to truckle to, and crouch under bodily Infirmities, quitted his regular and accuſtomed Phyſician, a Man of conſummate Knowledge; who promiſed him a certain, but a ſlow Cure.—To every bold Promiſer he ſucceſſive applied. They all as ſucceſſively have diſgraced their too forward Promiſes, and diſappointed his too ſanguine Hopes.

He is now in the Care of *Wordflux Wheedle*, of whom he hath as yet a very favourable Opinion. But it cannot laſt long, as I

ſee

ſee no diſtant Likelihood of a Cure; but rather the Reverſe. At the firſt Viſitation, this oratorial Doctor having felt the the Great Man's Pulſe, the Muſcles of his Forehead contracted all the Time into a ſtrong ſeeming of deep Thought; he aſked a few common-place Queſtions; now and then letting (as it were undeſignedly) eſcape, through the ſtudied Gravity of his Countenance, Smiles of Diſapprobation at what his eminent Patient related the former Doctors had preſcribed for him.

The ſly Medico *Machiavel*'s Anſwer was, "That, for his Part, he had ever been very cautious how he blamed, or even glanced any Hint of Cenſure againſt the Practice of others; although at the ſame Time he could not help wiſhing, that

that the Gentlemen of the Faculty would let themſelves be leſs guided by Precedent, nor act ſo implicitly to the Doctrine of others, without making proper Uſe of their own Senſes :— which, thank Heaven, he had done ; and to that alone he aſcribed his having ſucceeded in Caſes, where ſeveral Doctors of great Character had failed.

That he hoped now to have a moſt brilliant Opportunity of performing a maſterly Stroke of the ſame Kind, on the moſt illuſtrious Perſonage of the Nation ; and to which he thought he could never render ſo eſſential a Service as by his univerſally wiſhed-for Recovery. For, added he, lowly bowing, " I can, without any Imputation of Flattery, now aſſert, that never could be applied to a Subject with more, or even ſo much Juſtice,

Te jacente, jacet Populus;
Te dolente, dolent Proceres;
Te mærente, mæret Rex;
Te gemente, gemit Patria.

"While you're dejected, ſo is the People;
"With your Pain the Nobles are affected;
"The King feels for your Anguiſh;
"The Nation echoes to your Groans."

This Compliment bore down all Oppoſition to *Wordflux*'s being employed.—For ſo tickled, the great Man proved a meer common Man; and thus defeated all Objections: "For my part, I have very little Faith in Phyſicians in general, and only apply to them in Complaiſance

to

to Cuſtom, not from any abſolute Reliance I have on their Knowledge.—Therefore Ignorance againſt Ignorance, as to their Certainty of reſtoring Health; his is of the more agreeable Kind.—Nay, call his Manner Flattery, or what you will; I look upon it as the ſmoothing of, and removing ſo many Thorns from a ſick Man's Pillow."

When the Great are determined upon any Thing, the Man who has the leaſt Tincture of Politics, or an Eye to his Intereſt, will never render himſelf diſagreeable by idly ſtriving to oppoſe their preſent favourite Biaſs; but let them be weaned from it through Experience, and of themſelves.

As we were breaking up our Club, on hearing the Bell ring for that Purpoſe,

my Curate, (who having only taken one large Draught of ſtrong genuine *Yorkſhire* at the Beginning of the Night) had diſappeared, ruſhed in among us; drew me aſide, to tell me that he had been poſted all Night at the Door of the ſick Perſon's Chamber; in order, if ſo dangerouſly ill as given out, that he might, by Expreſſions eſcaped from him in his raving Fits, be able to collect Hints, and thence form ſome Inferences as to the Scheme in Hand. "Becauſe in raving Fits, ſaid he, you very well know Sir, the Mind is not at all upon her Guard, and blabs out her principal Secrets; which, though in a wild and incoherent Manner, yet can be eaſily put together, and readily interpreted by a Perſon of Sagacity."

"But

" But no ſuch Opportunity has hap-happened— Snug is the Word with him —He keeps his Thoughts cloſe to him-ſelf; does not let out one indicating Word; which makes me ſtill more ſtrong-ly ſuſpect his being a profound Politi-cian; and that this ſhammed Sickneſs is a Kind of lying *perdu* (that his Figure may not be diſcovered by any who ſhould have chanced to know him heretofore) till an expected Meſſenger arrive with ultimate Inſtructions: which makes me now to deſpair of our coming at any Information, through the Poſt-Office, ſhould I even receive a Warrant for In-terception from the Secretary of State.

I anſwered, that was alſo my Opinion. Then abrutly bid the Curate good Night, not being in a Humour of hearing any

more far-fetched and groundleſs Surmizes. —So ended that Day's Proceeding.

Next Day, about Noon, having Buſineſs to tranſact with ſome of my Country Tenants at the Inn, I enquired the Situation of the ſick Stranger: Who, the Landlady replied, was in a quite languiſhing and exhauſted State: Adding, that in all Probability, he had not far to go.

She, in œconomical Prudence, blended with a little Chriſtian Charity, ſuch (as ſhe pathetically expreſſed herſelf) one ought to have for a Fellow-Creature, began to be apprehenſive about the incidental Expences of a Funeral, and how ſhe ſhould be reimburſed for her Lodging, Trouble, and every other Article, which ſhe carefully enumerated.

I bid her to be in no Uneaſineſs on that Head; for the Gentleman having come to her Houſe in ſuch good Company (as one had Reaſon to judge from their Appearance) ſhe might be ſure, that in Caſe of Death, Caſh or Notes ſufficient would be found in his Pockets to defray all neceſſary Expences. I told her likewiſe, whatever Deficiency ſhould be either for Part, or even the Whole, I would ſupply it with Pleaſure, from that Eſteem and Regard I had for ſeveral Individuals of the far North; notwithſtanding the Inſinuations of my Friends, the Curate and Doctor, or any natural Jealouſy that might be ſtirred up, through the Precipitancy, Imprudence, or barefaced Impartiality of any Particular. For, although I may occaſionally joke upon any Country, my Boſom ever diſdained to harbour a blind and indiſcriminating

Rancour to all its Inhabitants.— Perſons capable of ſuch a mean Antipathy, I have ever held in the utmoſt Contempt.

My moral Declaration, I found by my Landlady's Countenance, was not half ſo pleaſing to her as my pecuniary one, to be reſponſible for all contingent Diſburſments about the Stranger's Interment; for whom, moreover, (from what I had overheard the Night before) I was actuated by that particular Veneration which I have for all Men of Letters.

The Landlady's Mind was taken up with leſs elevated, but more frugal Thoughts. For, in order to tie me to my Promiſe before Witneſs, ſhe rang the Bar-Bell, and deſired the Waiter to call down the Chamber-Maid, who attended the ſick Gentleman.

She

She was no ſooner come, than the Miſtreſs ſaid: "Well, *Sally*, how does your Patient? for ſo I may call him, ſince he permits no other Doctor, nor Aſſiſtant of any Kind but you, to approach him. Give an Account of his Situation to this Gentleman, who is ſo good-natured and generous as to promiſe to ſee us all paid; even out of his own Pocket, if requiſite."

I again repeated my Promiſe.—"Alack a Day, (quoth the Wench) the poor Gentleman ſays, he feels himſelf going. He juſt now thanked me for my Attendance, and earneſtly begged of me as a laſt Favour, to be very careful of his *Portmanteau*, after his Death: till ſuch Time as his Friends, who were ſome of the firſt in the neighbouring Realm, he came

from, ſhould call for it. They, he was ſure, according to their wonted Generoſity, would reward me very handſomely for my Care; and the more ſo, as that *Portmanteau* contains a much more valuable Treaſure, than ever had been brought before from the other Side of the *Tweed* into *England!*"

Upon this, I obſerved to the Landlady. "Well, good Miſtreſs, inaſmuch as you have tied me in Promiſe before this Girl, and your Waiter there, to make good all Charges you may, or ſhall have on this ſtrange Gentleman's Account when deceaſed; ſo remember, before the ſame two Witneſſes I lay you under an Inhibition, that nothing is to be done to that *Portmanteau*, which, you hear, contains a valuable Treaſure, till after having obtained my Conſent, Approba-

tion

tion and Concurrence, as you ſhall be accountable to the Nobles and Gentlemen of *Caledonia* who frequent your Houſe; and to the Courts of Juſtice.—Therefore, no ſecreting whatſoever,—no Embezzlement in any Shape."

The Landlady, I perceived, on the Mention of a Treaſure, tacitly repented her having been ſo exact in binding me to my Promiſe; which debarred her from the Opportunity of a little private Rummaging.—However, ſhe had too much to riſque to let herſelf yield to any Temptation of daring to countravene my Orders. Which, if ſhe were to do, ſhe very well knew I ſhould learn ſuch Miſdemeanor from her Servants, with all whom I ſtood very well, from that powerful Recommendation of my being generous to them upon all Occaſions.

I aſked

I aſked if the Curate had been there as yet. "Ay; replied the Landlady, all the Morning; and was only juſt gone away with a Gentleman, who had aſked him to Dinner, as you came into the Houſe. I have never known him ſo anxious about any ſick Perſon, as he is about this Stranger. He has ſent his Compliments to him ſeveral Times by *Sally*, to know if he would receive ſpiritual Comfort or Aſſiſtance from him, as a Clergyman of the Church of *England*.—— The other as often refuſed, which hath made us all conclude him to be of the Kirk."

The Landlady added, that ſhe had obſerved to the Curate; ſeeing him Morning and Evening about the Houſe, that he was but loſing his Time by paying ſuch conſtant Attendance before the Door of a ſick

a ſick Man, obſtinately determined to die in another Way of thinking.

The Curate, it ſeems, artfully enough, to gloſs over his being ſo indefatigable and watchful a Centinel, ſaid; that, according to the unadulterated and genuine Spirit of Chriſtianity, no Man ſhould be given over till the Breath were out of him: that for his Part, he thought himſelf in Duty bound to be vigilant until the ſick Man's laſt Gaſp, waiting a happy Moment to prepare him for his great Journey to the other World.

This Reaſon, at which I ſmiled inwardly, knowing the Parſon's real Motive, not only the ſagacious Landlady, but all her Family, took upon Content; and in the Curate's Behalf, put it down to the Article of uncommon Charity, and

ex-

extraordinary chriſtian Zeal, Virtues, as ſhe ſignificantly remarked, (ſhaking her large Dew-lapt Head, and wagging her fat Paunch, as ſhe went from the Bar) that were not frequently to be met with in the Clergy now a Days. I laughed at her Credulity, and repaired to my own Houſe.

The poor Gentleman expired the next Morning, between the Hours of Seven and Eight, of which I got immediate Notice by the Waiter and the Chamber-Maid. They had both run themſelves out of Breath, and all a reek, through different Ways; and unknown to each other, in order to be firſt with the News for the Sake of a Præmium.

To cauſe no Jealouſy, I recompenſed them both; bid them to return immediately

diately Home; for that I ſhould come after them, without Loſs of Time. — I bid them alſo keep the Deceaſed's Door locked, and not to mention a Word of the Stranger's Death to any Perſon, till I appear; and farther, promiſed to keep their Intelligence to me a Secret from their Miſtreſs, whom they declared they had not let to know any Thing of the Matter. I was thereby quieted on her rapacious Account; and likewiſe from my Knowledge of her not caring to riſe in the cold ſhort Winter Days, before the affected Quality-Hours of Ten or Eleven.

I took an Opportunity of whiſpering aſide to each to be a Spy over the other. They promiſed me Obedience in every Article; and off they ran by the different they had come.

I was

I was, however, resolved to give them no great Time to enter into any Understanding with each other, as the Word Treasure is a tempting Sound. I got myself shaved, and put on my Cloaths as fast as possible, having in the mean Time dispatched one of my Servants to summon the Curate to my Presence, without Delay; because I had Business of the last Importance to communicate to him.

Gun-powper does not kindle quicker to the Match than the Curate is said to have set out to me, on receiving the welcome Summons. I have since heard that on his Way he threw down an old Woman, squeezed almost to Death a young Child in a narrow Passage; still darting along, regardless of the Dogs barking, and many Curses vollied after him.

As

As I ſtepped out of my Door, I deſcried him at ſome Diſtance, poſting towards me, and waving his Hat, as if for Life and Death. I ſoon diſcovered by his Shoes, Stockings, and other Parts of his Garb, that he had not been over-nice in picking his Steps.

As ſoon as he was come up, he began to rub his Hands, as a Mark of his ardent Deſire to hear ſome eventful News. With Eyes of earneſt Sollicitation, he intimated his Impatience to know the Particulars.

Clapping him on the Shoulder, I bid him turn about towards the Inn, that thither we muſt immediately repair; for all was over; and that we were come to the Cataſtrophe of the Piece.

As

As I laid a Kind of Emphaſis upon the laſt Words, he looked aghaſt, ſighed, and after a ſhort Pauſe,—— "They have then got the Start of us; have they? Our Church, State and Conſtitution are now overturned.—The frightful Dreams I had all Night portended as much."

"Prithee, good Mr. Dreamer, replied I, do not be ſo ingenious to perplex thyſelf.—No ſuch Matter as the terrifying Coinage of thy Brain hath happened. The Cataſtrophe I mean is the Death of the Stranger at the Inn; about the Salvation of whoſe Soul (as the Landlady reports) you have been ſo anxious.

"How? how? dead, ſay you? I am ſorry for it. What, gone! eloped! ſtolen away!—to have thus eſcaped my Vigilance!

lance! the sly, cunning Varlet! it was purposely done to foil me.—By this evasive Stroke he has carried off the Secrets of his Party with him. I shall never be able to get at any of them: which Baulk defeats all my Hopes of Preferment by Intelligence to be sent to the Government.—This is a sad, a most unlucky Affair, and blasts the fairest Blow of Hopes, with which ever aspiring Mortal had cheered his Imagination."

He fetched a deep Groan, and began to look more and more ruefully.—Quite abstracted in Thought (as we went along) I overheard him mutter to himself.—"What now will Mr. Secretary *P-t*; what, will the Lord-Keeper; what will his Grace of *Canterbury* say? They will unanimously call me pragmatical Coxcomb, meddling Blockhead, idle Ass, in-

truding Simpleton, a Spreader of groundless Reports."

He then stopped, looked on the Ground and wringing his Hands, continued.—"I am ruined, I am undone.—These misinformed great Personages through just Resentment will write to my Archbishop, to tell him what a Zany, what a Nincompoop, what an Harebrained Fellow, what a *Tom Doodle* he has got in his Diocese. Then what will be the Consequence? Why truly an insurmountable Bar to my ever being preferred.—O Fool, Fool, beat at the Door that let thy Folly in, and thy dear Judgment out."

I indulged him in bethumping his Head for a while, thence apprehending no Mischief, from the known Hardness of it. As soon as his self-castigating Fit was over, I

halloo'd in his Ear, to awaken and rouze up his torpified Senſes.— "Do not deſpair Man." "Why, replied he; is there any Room for Hope in ſo deſperate a Situation as mine."— "There is," I anſwered.

As I told him of the *Portmanteau*, and the Care deſired to be taken of the Treaſure therein contained; he appeared on the Inſtant quite a new Being. His Viſage brightened; his Features ſeemed to vie with each other in a keen Senſe of Joy. He ſnapped his Fingers, jumped up with Extaſy; and as (like moſt of his Cloth) he would ſometimes flounder in Rhime, by badly imitating, or patching the half Lines of Poets together, he thus broke out, looking at me the while.

O friendly Death, now haſt thou loſt thy Sting!

Io Portmanteau, *Io Pæan ſing!*

" This invaluable *Portmanteau* is my Reprieve from Deſpondency; my Sheet Anchor of Hope, exulted he, and then (ſpinning round upon his Heel) *the Treaſure!* the Treaſure! the Treaſure!—I very well know what this Treaſure is; to wit, the Papers of the Party, containing all the Correſpondence, Plots, Schemes, Practices, Devices, Leagues, Treaties, Confederacies, Combinations, Conſpiracies, *&c.* againſt the State.—Now all will out. —All will out!"—

Elated with the Thought, and forgetful of me, he ſet a running to the Inn. I tallihoed: at which he looking round; " You

"You may ſtop your Speed, good Sir, quoth I; for no Portmanteau will be opened: no Peep at the Contents will be allowed till I am preſent."

At this retarding Notice, he took off his Hat, wiped his Forehead, and halted till overtaken by me. I then proceeded with him, as faſt as I conveniently could, or was even neceſſary I ſhould. But I obſerved him from Time to Time dropping Side-looks of Reproach at the Slowneſs of my Feet.

We, however, ſoon reached the (by him impatiently wiſhed-for) Goal; where I found the Alarm (for Servants cannot long keep a Secret) of the ſtrange Gentleman's being dead, was ſpread through the Houſe; and that in Conſequence the voluminous Landlady was waddling down

Stairs, above an Hour, or more, before her uſual Time of appearing.

She looked highly pleaſed on ſeeing me.—— With a ſignificant Smile, bid me a good Morning; and wiſhed ſhe ſhould have no Occaſion to call on me for any Deficiency.

Beſides the Engagement of my Promiſe, for diſcharging all Demands in Behalf of the Defunct; my additional Quality of a Member of the *Quorum*, induced the general Voice to fall upon me, to be appointed the preſiding Perſon at the Enquiry to be made into the Effects of the Departed: which were to be after depoſited with me, having previouſly anſwered all Demands of the Inn. Moreover, ſaid Effects, ſuch as they might turn out, were to be returnable to whatever

Perſon,

Perſon, that, in Quality of Friend or Relation to the Demiſed, ſhould make a duly authenticated Demand, and reimburſe me.

Theſe Premiſſes being agreed upon in as prolix and tautologous a Manner as the Law gives Precedents for, my choſen Aſſiſtants were the Curate, at his very particular, and my joint Requeſt. To him was added Doctor *Wordflux*, the Phyſician, at the Landlady's, to whom I had no Objection; but promiſed to myſelf ſome entertaining and whimſical Excurſions on every Article that ſhould preſent itſelf. It ſo happened, that he opportunely called at the Inn on his Return from the Patient he had been to viſit in the Country the Night before.

The Court of Enquiry being ſtruck, conſiſted of a Divine (who would have

ſuddenly expired if not impannelled) a Phyſician, and a Juſtice; we proceeded up Stairs to our Conclave.—There we locked ourſelves in, that no Interruption might come athwart us.

We took a ſlight View of the Corpſe, which the Doctor pronounced to be that of a Man quite exhauſted; in whom the *Humidum radicale*, the radical Moiſture, had been entirely conſumed, and that the conſtituent Fibres of every Veſſel, Membrane, Ligament, &c. were totally untwiſted and ſhrivelled up, on which he was about to profuſely deſcant; till I mildly remonſtrated to him, that our Buſineſs then was to examine Matters of Property, and not to harangue medicinally, which would be very agreeable at another Seaſon,

He

He kindly received the Animadverſion and with his habitual Politeneſs, was all Compliance to my Reproof.— We then began our Search.

In the Breeches Pockets of the Deceaſed we found as follows:— In his Fob a ſlight Pinchbeck Watch, with the Key of his Portmanteau; in the Right Pocket, one Guinea and a Half; in the Left, a Queen *Anne*'s Crown, that had the Complexion of a Family Piece, and to have been an old Companion of the Doctor's. With it was a crooked Shilling, and a Sixpence, with a Hole in it; which we interpreted his pecuniary Taliſmans or, in the vulgar Phraſe, good Luck Pieces.

In his Right Waiſtcoat Pocket was a large Iron varniſhed Snuff-Box, filled with

with Tobacco-Duſt of *Scotch* Preparation. With it was a checquered Handerchief, and a ſoiled white one. In the Left ditto were Four-pence Halfpenny. Thus he avoided the Miſtake that ariſes from the Mixture of different Species of Coin. With the Halfpence was a Penny Memorandum-Book, containing a Liſt of all the *Scotch* Bookſellers, Printers, Authors, Artiſts, Publicans, and low Mechanics of every Denomination; with their Places of Abode in *London*.

At the Bottom of each Coat Pocket lay entrenched a ſmall Pocket-Piſtol, ruſty and long diſuſed from Firing. Their Triggers could not be accuſed of either Non-reſiſtance or of paſſive Obedience. Over the uncharged Inſtrument in the Right Pocket were peaceably piled *Agis*, a Tragedy; *Earl of Douglas*, a dramatic Eſſay: and the laſt Number of the *Critical Review*;

to which, by the many marginal Notes, he appeared to have been a Correſpondent. Over the harmleſs Tube in the Left, ſtrictly obſervant of the Commandment, *Thou ſhalt not commit Murder*, was convolved and depoſited a Plan of the new Bridge, now building at *Black-Friars*.

So much for the Wearing-Apparel; now to the *Portmanteau*. As I turned about in Queſt thereof, I perceived my Curate quite abſorbed in a brown Study. "What's the Matter now, Man of God? aſked I." His Anſwer was, "Certainly the Natives of *Caledonia* muſt have a greater Reliance upon Providence than we *Engliſh* have. For my Part, I could never venture to leave Home, and undertake a long Journey, with ſo ſmall a Sum as hath been found in the deceaſed Doctor's Pocket."

To which I replied: "Good Curate, that was only Parade-Money, to be occasionally pulled out on the Road, and to be as carefully put up again, the Act of Oſtentation over. Depend upon it, the Earl was Purſe-bearer for the Company, and defrayed all travelling Charges."

"It would then have been but conſiderate in him, rejoined the Curate, to have left ſome Part of his Caſh with the detained ſick Man, and in a ſtrange Place too."

"Very like, I then obſerved, they were ſtinted as to the Sum ſent northwards to themſelves, for their hurrying to the South. But as ſoon as they ſhall have reached the Capital, and applied to their chief Reſource there, they will, in all Probability, ſend hither Letters of

En-

Enquiry about their Friend, and a Remittance to defray his incidental Expences. Beſides, our Nation's Character for Humanity has made his Friends eaſy on the Article of his not being let to want for the proper Neceſſaries in his Situation.

"Who of us three (I propoſed) ſhall lift up the Portmanteau, and carry it into the Room adjoining; there place it on a Table, commodious to the Window-Light for our more accurate Inſpection?"

"That Taſk be mine, zealouſly replied the Curate, and with as much eager Haſte as ever *Grimalkin* darted to ſeize on a Mouſe devoted to his ravening Claws, did he ſpring towards, and grapple the Portmanteau.

By the vigorous Effort he made to raiſe, deeming it weighty, he almoſt fell back-

wards;

wards; but having half recovered himſelf, he heeled, reeled and tottered till he joſtled againſt me, who being near the Wall ſupported him.

Then throwing the Portmanteau on the Table, he ſaid, with a Sneer, "Our Examination I fancy will be ſoon over. Becauſe, I believe, to uſe the *Iriſhman*'s Phraſe, "It is full of Nothing but Emptineſs."—For, agreeable to the Practice of that frugal and moſt thrifty Nation, this Portmanteau was not intended to carry Effects from *Caledonia* up to *London*; but the Reverſe, to bring down from the latter to the former. Moreover, it ſerved to make a Show upon the Road, a Compatriot Servant, who was in the Secret, being practiſed to make wry Faces in bearing it to and fro, as if very full.

—"

How-

However, as the Curate gave it a Shake with ſome Indignation, (through Fear of finding no Materials to reſcue him from his primitive Ignorance, in Regard to the hatching of a dangerous Plot, which he had ſurmized) by a Ruſtling of Papers, and interiour Colliſion of ſome ſmall Parcels, our Curioſity was awakened; and the Curate prevented from relapſing into ſuch another Fit of Deſpondence as he had not long ſince undergone.

Juſt as I was putting the Key into the Lock, Doctor *Wordflux* patted me on the Shoulder, and intreated my not being in a Hurry to open the Portmanteau.—— "You have heard of the Plague of *Marſeilles?*" "I have; what then? It relates not to what we are about."—— "Pardon me, Sir, mildly rejoined the Doctor,

Doctor, You remember, as historical Relation informeth us, that City enjoyed as pure and healthy Air, as does at present this ancient City *York*.

" But as that of the former was contaminated by the sudden and imprudent unravelling of a Bale of Cotton; so Heaven forefend that through any Precipitancy Neglect, or Want of Precaution in us, the now chaste Air, which we and all our Fellow-Citizens inhale, should be exposed to any foreign Defilement or instantaneous Pollution. Therefore, I opine that a sufficient Quantity of Brimstone be burnt on and around the Table; that also the Portmanteau be fumigated therewith, till such Time as the petty Atmosphere in the Chamber being sufficiently imbued with the Sulphur's anti-prurient Particles, all corrosive Effluvia, at their first Attempt to fly off and escape on opening the

Con-

Concealer, may not only be debilitated, and repulſed, but quickly rebounded and totally defeated.—By ſuch a Patriot Proceeding we ſhall prevent any Miſchief befalling our innocent Neighbours;

Should this Portmanteau *prove a new*
Pandora's *Box:*
Fraught with th' Itch, Pop'ry, the Pretender, and French *Pox.*

The Doctor, fond of every Occaſion to diſplay his Eloquence, would have continued much longer, had I not ſilenced him by a Look of Diſapprobation and Amuſement at the ſtrange and frothy Stuff he uttered; when, to mend the Matter, in figured the Curate.—"I think it would not be amiſs; nay, would be more effectual in a Preventive Way, as hath been wiſely urged by the Doctor, if we were

to get a Caldron, in Imitation of that uſed by the Witch in *Macbeth*; have a Fire put under it in the Middle of the Room, and there continue our Burnt-Offering, while we move ſolemnly round after each other, ſtirring and renewing the ſulphureous Ingredients."

Before every Thing can be got in Readineſs for the awful Ceremony, I ſhall hit off a few Rhimes, to be pronounced by us during the Performance of it." No ſooner had the Curate finiſhed his additional Impertinence; but the Doctor ran to and embraced him with Extaſy, pouring out a Profuſion of Compliments on ſo brilliant a Conceit, and of Thanks on ſo happy a Thought.

The Curate did not fall ſhort of the Doctor in his Retort, by emphatically expreſſing

preſſing how agreeable and ſatisfactory it was to him to have ſo learned, ſo ingenious, ſo intelligent, ſo ſagacious, ſo taſteful a Gentleman, as Doctor *Wordflux Wheedle* was univerſally allowed to be, for the Approver of his feeble Efforts. During this Diſplay of emulative Compliments, they kept ducking and bowing to each other as profoundly, and reverentially, as the ſaluting Cardinals in the *Rehearſal*.

"Well, Gentlemen, as ſoon as you ſhall pleaſe to put a Period to your exceſſive Civilities, grant me Permiſſion to gravely obſerve, that if you are in a jocular Mood; I am not.—Conſider, I am bound to the Landlady,—and the Contents of this Portmanteau are the only Security I have for a Reimburſement,—ſo have at you. Stand the Event, Gentlemen, as well as your Spirits and Conſti-

tutions will allow,—— Key do your Office.—— There— it is now opened."

As the Doctor perceived my Determination, he hurried his Snuff-Box out of his Pocket: from which he and the Curate double-charged their Noſtrils.—It made me laugh to ſee them ſtand aloof; but from Time to Time, ſtretch and ſteal diſtant Looks at the Contents; then inſtantly recoil as from a Peſtilence.

"Well, Gentlemen, ſaid I to them, you may as well draw near, for if there be any Danger, you have now incurred it." The Doctor agreed to what I ſaid, by gravely pronouncing, "That to be ſure the greateſt Danger in ſuch Circumſtances was ever attendant on the firſt Exploſion of confined, virulent Particles. —— But as I neither obſerve any Change in either of you Gentlemen, nor any Tendency

dency thereto in myself, I incline to think that our Apprehenſions of concealed Malignancy here have been the Offspring of Prejudice, and are conſequently groundleſs.

" Since you thus rid me of my Fears, cried our Levite; in the Name of Curioſity, let me be the Developper, and Examiner-general of the ſeveral Parcels.— He began by taking up a Packet, wrapped in brown Paper. On the Outſide was written a Preſent from E— M—— to Doctor *Mac*— *Mac*— Something; but we could not make it out.

On the Curates untying it, out tumbled on the Table a Night-Gown.— The Inſide of Plaid, was very old, cracked in ſeveral Places, and appeared to have been worn about Half a Century.—— The Outſide was of an Orange-Colour Silk, quite new and in the Top of the

Fashion. In a Pocket on the Plaid Side, was the Portrait of an handsome Youth in a *Highland* Dress, decorated with the Insignia of the great Order of *England*. In the Pocket of the Orange-Colour Side was the Portrait of his Majesty G. R.

"This is a good Trimming Sort of a Garb (quoth the Curate, shaking his Head) truly emblematic of the People; who, since the Revolution, might have taken for Motto, *in utrumque paratus*, "Ready to take on with either Side." How industrious and œconomical must Folks be, who can thus go to Market with their Principles; and not be unmindful of drawing pecuniary Advantages even from Rebellion; although by acting therein, they risque their Lives. It is notorious, that certain Clan-Leaders during the late Disturbances, returned false Musters, at the moderate Price of

Ten-

Ten-pence *per* Day, each Man; as a Proof of their Zeal for the Houſe, they made (through God's particular Providence) ineffectual Attempts to reſtore.

The original Proprietor of this Gown I take to be ſome of the diſſaffected Itinerants through *Europe*, lately allowed to return Home; and who (take the Word of his Compatriots) were the Court to give him Employment, would acquit himſelf with Ho-nour and Fe-de-le-ty. For that he has lived to ſee his Errour, and will diſſwade all the Youth of his Country from falling into the like, by ſhewing the Folly of J-c-b--t--m.

Nunquam ſera eſt ad bonos Mores via.

"It is never *too late* to become *loyal*."

I have ever had Bowels of Pity for either religious or political Errours, and eſteemed

esteemed a principled Perseverer therein, much more than whimsing and interested Proselytes. Agreeable to this Sentiment have I ever applauded the late unhappy Duke of *Ormond*'s Conduct, who withdrew from *England*, in the Year Fifteen, although he had neither taken the Field, nor been guilty of any overt Act against the Accession of the illustrious House of *Hanover* to the Thrones of these Kingdoms.

"When insinuated to him Abroad, that if he would make Application by his Friends to the King, there was a Certainty of obtaining his most gracious Pardon,—— His Titles and Possessions were (in an interested Sense) worth returning to. The Duke spiritedly replied: "He did not doubt it; but that he could never prevail on himself to accept of such a a Boon from a Prince, whose Way to the

Throne

Throne he had meditated to debar; and had entered into Combinations for the completing his Design; that it must feel degrading to himself, and appear an indirect Affront to that Monarch, should he ever be mean enough to obtrude himself on the Court, by idly haunting Levees; which in the End must be productive of general Contempt, and, perhaps, Rebuffs.

"Now, Gentlemen, notwithstanding I can with a safe Conscience aver, that I have as great an Abhorrence of the Devil as any of my Cloth or Station in the Church; yet, I always admired (although I did not approve) these animated Lines which our Countryman *Milton* puts into the Mouth of *Satan*.

To bow, and sue for Grace,
With suppliant Knee, and deify the Power
Who from the Terror of this Arm so late
Doubted his Empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy, & shame, &c.

"Having

"Having ſpoken of the nice Honour of the Duke of *Ormond*, his Brother, the late Earl of *Arran*'s ſingular Generoſity ought ever to be mentioned with Reſpect by Mankind.

Vivet extento PROCULEIUS *Ævo*
Notus in Fratres Animi paterni. HOR.

IMITATED.

"Be *Arran*'s Praiſe ſtill echoed to the Skies,
"Who from a Brother's Fall diſdained to riſe."

"The Duke's Eſtate, forfeited by Defection, being devolved to the noble Earl; the latter ſcorned to take Advantage of a Brother's Misfortune: became his Agent, and ſcrupulouſly remitted his Income to him every Year.

How unlike to this Conduct was that of a northern Nobleman, we have ſeen

go

go through this City; who likewise by a Brother's imprudently joining in the Rebellion of the Year Fifteen, inherited a considerable Family Estate, and one of the first Titles; yet suffered that Brother to labour under all the Indignity of Want in a foreign Country.

Having stipulated, through Shame from the Importunity of Friends, to allow a paltry Annuity of two hundred Pounds *per* Annum; it never was regularly paid: which plunging the so Disappointed into still new Difficulties, made him desperately re-appear under the Banner of Sedition, in the Year Forty-five. He was taken; and in a very remarkable Prison ended a Life of Misery and Wretchedness. To that unhappy Nobleman, during the long Series of his grinding Distresses, might with Propriety be applied,

L'Opprobre avilit l'Home, et rend l'Ame basse,

VOLT.

PARA-

PARAPHRASED.

"Rebukes, thro' Want, great Sentiments controul;
"Degrade the Man; and check th' aspiring Soul."

"That late justly regretted Magnanimity, which was wont to commiserate the unhappy Fate of those manfully persevering in the erroneous Principles with which they had unluckily been imbued in their younger Days, was always hurt by the strained Appearance before him of occasional or interested Converts.—On the contemptible Tameness of many he turned his Back.

To the latest remarkable Object (partly confounded for him) he said: "It is now Sir, a long Time since you have been in these Apartments." To which the so rebuked might have answered, and without

out being liable to any Charge of Falſehood; "It was not his Fault, for that he had often meditated being there ſooner, were it not for the intervening of unforeſeen Diſaſters, irremediable Lets, Diſappointments, *&c.*"

"Ceaſe Invectives, good Curate. Your Diſlike to our more northern Neighbours be-orators you in as diffuſive a Manner as any of his favourite Topics does the good Doctor *Wordſlux*; whoſe paſſive Silence, and his not breaking in upon your prolix Harangue, I attribute to an equal Antipathy againſt the ſame People. You are both very copious to their Diſadvantage; but very Niggards to offer any Argument or Inſtance in their Behalf: which (let me obſerve to you) is not the faireſt of Proceedings.

Since there hath been a ſufficient Deſcant upon the Night-Gown's political Duplicity; let us proceed to other Articles.

Although

Although, to my Eye, nothing as yet of any Moment appears, they being moſtly of middling Apparel; to be ſuperſeded, no Doubt, by richer and more elegant in the great Metropolis.—But what could have deſerved the Name of Treaſure was the Puzzle. We could not gueſs. I declared my being at a Loſs what to determine. —"It is about that I am cudgeling my Brain," ſaid the Curate. "Nothing like Treaſure, in the Senſe of *Engliſhmen*, have we as yet diſcovered; or that even a rational *Caledonian* would call ſo.—Perhaps, it is the Secret of the Philoſopher's Stone, concealed in ſome private Nook of the Portmanteau; wherefore, let a ſtrict Reſearch be made in every Part."

No Cuſtom-houſe Officers ever ſcrutinized with more Ardour than we did:—Nor did our Toil prove fruitleſs. Our Diligence was more than ſufficiently rewarded.

For

For the Curate, as he tore away the Lining at the Bottom, was agreeably surpriſed by the Diſcovery of a concealed Place, in the Form of a ſlight Drawer.——From which Receſs the ſecreted Treaſure flaſhing on his Eyes, he rapturouſly ſprang up, as if actuated by a ſudden Impulſe from above; crying, Ευρηκα! Ευρηκα! I have found it! I have found it! Then ſeizing one of my Hands, and one of the Doctor's, he danced us round the Portmanteau.

Smitten with the Man's jocular Extravagance, and pleaſed to have got what we had ſearched for; we paſſively lent ourſelves to his impetuous Humour until we were obliged to make a Reſumption of common Senſe, and a Show of ſober Behaviour, by the alarmed Servants of the Houſe running up Stairs, and knocking at the Door, to know what was the Cauſe of ſuch violent Commotions.

I put

I put them off with trifling Reaſons, and deſired the Waiter to bring up ſome White-Wine, *&c.* for the Curate's Breakfaſt; (who was no great Lover of Tea) which Duty of the Day I let him fulfill: while I drank Coffee with the Doctor, to furniſh us with new Spirits, in order to inveſtigate the remaining Wonders.

But as a Redundancy of Laughter, without any Intermiſſion, hath often proved fatal; ſo ſhall you, in Imitation of us, be let to repoſe a while: and then you may depend upon your certainly having a true Natrative of,——

It is too much at once—— O Height of Glee!
I've ſeen what I have ſeen; ſee what I ſee!

I am, Sir,

Your, *&c.*

F I N I S.